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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A MAY SONG.

THE CALL.

COME away! come away!

The sea is blue, and the sky is blue,
The woods are green, and the fields are green,
The golden sun and the silvery sheen,
They call and call for you.

The waves on the shore are playing, playing,
The flowers in the breeze are swaying, swaying,
The whole wide world is out a-Maying

To-day, to-day.

Come away! come away!

The sea is song and the sky is song,
Music is here and music is there,
And life and love are everywhere,

Singing the whole day long!

The tide on the beach is swaying, swaying,
The sun with the clouds is playing, playing,
And life and love are gone a-Maying

To-day, to-day.

THE ANSWER.

I must stay, I must stay;

The song of the sea is not for me,
Nor golden bowers of cowslip flowers,
Nor vision bright of sunbeam showers;

No fresh green spring I see,
No fragrant breeze is round me playing,
No glorious ocean-tide is swaying,
Yet my world, too, is gone a-Maying

To-day, to-day.

Let me stay! let me stay!

There is music here, as everywhere;
And sky pale blue, and sunshine too,
For eyes that love to read life true, —

Love seeth all things fair.

Like meadow flowers in breezes swaying,
All radiant hopes are round me playing,
My very heart is out a-Maying

To-day, to-day!

Sunday Magazine.

GENEVIEVE IRONS.

IDLE CHARON.

THE shores of Styx are lone forevermore,
And not one shadowy form upon the steep
Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can
sweep,

To call the ferry over as of yore;

But tintless rushes all about the shore

Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked
in sleep,

Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds
creep

With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of life strange rumors run
That now the soul departs not with the
breath,

But that the body and the soul are one;

And in the loved one's mouth, now, after
death,

The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

Academy.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

IN THE WOOD.

WHEN thou art weary, go into the fields,
Nor scorn to feel a child's joy to behold
The bowing buttercups bend in the breeze,
Dashing the green with gold.

Stand by the stile, within the green cornfields,
When early on some iron-gray clouded morn
The wind sweeps o'er the land, and listen to
The rustling of the corn.

And there is music, music rarely sweet,
From every hedge in early summer-time;
Each little bird seems helping all he can
To ring a summer-chime.

Oh, how they sing in early summer-time,
Those happy birds, with voices full of cheer!
The chaffinch in his bowery elm all day
Sings, "'Tis the sweet o' the year!"

The bold blackbird, high up among the boughs,
Where leaves grow thickest, whistles clear
and strong;
The lark up-struggles thro' the dazzling air
In ecstasy of song.

I know a wood where tangled sunbeams lie,
Caught in the brambles; there the grasses
grow
Untrampled, and at noon life seems to pause,
And sleepy airs breathe slow.

The honeysuckle twines about the briar;
The ivy and the mantling mosses climb
Over old trees, and make the wrinkled boles
Fairer than in their prime;

The topmost branches hardly stir — so still
Is noon within the wood; the hazy sky
Seems near; and round the honeysuckle flits
One yellow butterfly.

Yet is not silence in the wood — the birds
Are sweetly piping all within the cover;
Two thrushes, each one side an open space,
Sing all their old songs over.

The nightingale sings now and then, as tho'
She thought her song too sweet for daylight
ears;
Bright dragon-flies, with wiry wings, dart swift
Between the tall grass-spears.

Inland, at eve, the freshening twilight-breeze
Fills out the spreading boughs of every tree,
And makes a sound in the close-clustered elms
Like to a far-off sea.

There, while we listen, pacing slow to hear,
We find a thought that links the earth with
heaven,
Remembering once the voice of God did sound
Among the trees at even.

Leisure Hour.

M. A. M. HOPPUS.

From The Contemporary Review.

CAIRO: THE OLD IN THE NEW.

BY DR. GEORG EBERS.

I.

IN the present paper I shall consider Cairo as the parent city of Arabic culture, and seek all through it under the modern for the ancient and the most ancient of all. It is no part of my aim to describe the wonderful charm of this remarkable city. She, the precious diamond in the handle of the green fan of the Delta, has been celebrated in song and flowing prose both by the East and by the West. The delightful poet, Beha-ed-din Zoher, who lived at the court of Cairo as secretary to the sultan Melik-eç Cälech, a grand-nephew of Saladin's, is never weary of celebrating in animated verses the picturesqueness of the place, the power of her princes, the beauty of her women, the charming mildness of her nights, which brought soft dreams to the heart of the poet when he was alone, and which he had often passed happily right on till morning in garden parties, Nile trips, and drinking-bouts with bands of merry friends. In the "Thousand and One Nights," many a dwelling-place of mortal men is invested, by the transfiguring power of the imagination of the narrator, with an inconceivable and more than earthly glory, but none of all these pearls shines with a purer water or is counted rarer and more beautiful than Cairo. The oldest of the interlocutors — *i.e.*, the one who had seen most and whose judgment is of most value — speaks in these enthusiastic words: "He who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world. Its earth is gold, its women are bewitching, and its Nile is a wonder." On the following night Scheherezade praises the charms of the city of the pyramids in these terms: "As compared with a sight of this city, what is the joy of setting eyes on your beloved! He who has seen it will confess that there exists for the eye no higher enjoyment, and when one remembers the night on which the Nile comes to its height, he gives back the winecup to the bearer full, and makes water flow up to its source again." That is as much as to say, there

is nothing more left that he can do. And to the interlocutors in these tales Cairo was no picture in a dream, no inaccessible island of the blest, no distant Gollconda, for there is no manner of doubt that it was in the very Cairo we see, and in the time of the Mameluke sultan El-Ghuri that this treasure of old Moslem tales, which has for centuries circulated in small gold pieces from hand to hand, from people to people, was originally collected and minted into those very forms in which they are at this hour familiar to all the nations of the earth. God has granted to the writer of these lines the favor of sending him into the wide world, and letting him wander over land and ocean, and see many towns and countries; but when he now travels backward in thought, and sweeps over the whole realm of recollection lying behind him, he discovers no city on the face of the earth that seems to him more charming than Cairo.

The tourist who visits the place, without previous preparation, under the guidance of a tour-contractor, is as unable to escape its charm as the scholar who is familiar with every phase of its development and with every movement of its life. The artist finds himself embarrassed with the abundance of the materials and the richness of the colors which surround him, and for the musing dreamer, the looker-on at the play of life, there is no more favorable spot than this. To open the eyes means here to receive new impressions, to look about is to learn, and stimulated by the abundance of picturesque forms and scenes, even the most indolent feels himself compelled to be always viewing things. For the investigator, who is permitted to touch with his hand the thing he has brought with him to the Nile as a mental possession, other enjoyments still are always in store in Cairo. We children of northern cities would be repaid by a journey to the Nile, were it by nothing else than breathing on a clear winter morning the pure spicy air of the desert, or seeing from the citadel on a fine evening the sun go down behind the pyramids, and the cupolas and minarets of the town glittering in airy robes

of rose and violet, and finally sinking under the dark shroud of night.

Who has joined in the crowd at the bazaars, who has allowed the venerable monuments of the time of the Pharaohs to work upon his mind, and has regretted his decision of visiting Egypt? The advice to make a pilgrimage to Cairo is good advice, and the sooner one follows it the better; for the city of the caliphs is already far from being what it was a few lustra ago, when it was first our privilege to visit it; and if we remain another decade in the country, we shall see similarly disappear one feature after another of all that to-day gives the place its special charm. The more firmly Western influence establishes itself in Egypt, the more sensibly do its assimilating power and the sober practical sense of utility characteristic of our civilization make their presence apparent. What grows organically among us is transplanted right off into this foreign soil and starts up quite remarkably. It is oftentimes like uprooting the palms of the Nile and planting firs and apple-trees in their place. The absurdity of many of the improvements every one has felt who has formerly walked under the shadow of the houses in the narrow lanes of Cairo, and now finds himself in broad squares and wide streets completely unprotected from the fiery darts of the sun of the south. This change is lamented by every traveller who has seen, in other days, riders, carriages, camels, and foot-passengers passing like a full stream over the soft roadway of the Muski, with many a call and cry, but without either rustle or tramp or clatter, and who has now his word drowned at his mouth by the deafening din of wheels, hoofs, and footsteps that rises from the glowing pavement. The shade-dispensing boards and awnings which in many places covered the most frequented streets of the town have been removed, because such things are not to be found in any Western metropolis. In the dwellings of the well-to-do Egyptians, European furniture has supplanted the native outfitting of the rooms, which is so picturesque and which originated in its suitability to the manners and customs of the Moslems.

Imagine a bearded turban-wearer sitting cross-legged, not on a broad divan, but on a Paris or Vienna armchair! Gone, too, is the old arrangement of the dwelling-house, so well suited at once to the Egyptian climate and to the peculiarities of the Moslem family. He who builds now wishes to build cheaply and rapidly, and in a sort of European style, and so, from never being considered, the wonderful art of the mason, which delights the connoisseur in many of the older houses, has been entirely lost. The picturesque lattice-windows of the Meschreibien, whose thousand finely moulded pieces seem like a veil of woven wood before the women, enabling them to see everything doing in the streets without themselves being seen, are now, in many cases, replaced by the Venetian blinds of Europe. Fine examples of the old lattice-work find ready purchasers, and they may be often enough met with in rooms fitted out in Arabian style in England, France, and Germany. The same is true of the *kursis*, desks, posts, and doors, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and various woods; and ancient implements are very eagerly sought after by collectors of art and antiquities. In my library stand two old Arabian jugs, which Frank Dillon, of London, the excellent painter of Oriental landscapes and architecture, found in an oil-ship, with twelve others, and bought for an old song. I saw an American family send whole shipfuls of old Arabian ware to the New World, and I know that not less than seventy finely executed old fauns from one of the most famous mosques were sold right off to tourists. Said Pasha, predecessor of the deposed khedive Ismail, dressed in Eastern garb, and his subjects imitated him. At present this light, soft dress, so well adapted for the climate of Egypt and at the same time so becoming, has fallen into disrepute. Government servants are forbidden to wear it, and only the shopkeepers and lower middle classes still retain it. The truncated cone of the tarboosh has superseded the gayly colored, many-folded turban, which lent dignity to the presence and protected the shaven head from chills when the cold of night came suddenly down. A heavy,

single-breasted black cloth coat, with stiff collar, has replaced the light and beautifully colored silken or woollen robes. Whoever can afford it, discards the pretty and comfortable slippers, which can be so quickly put off in the house or the mosque and forces his feet into polished leather boots, on which the sun burns, and which require some trouble to take off. In the bazaars there are far more articles of light gold jewelry of foreign manufacture than of artistic native handicraft; far more chains and other things from England and Saxony than of beautiful Arabian workmanship. Sheffield and Solingen have far outstripped Damascus. The locomotive is taking the place of the horse, the camel, and the ass; and a tramway will soon be laid through Cairo. How long will it be before factories are built on the cheap ground of the desert, and befoul with coal-smoke its most precious air, which you can to-day enjoy the moment you leave the gates of the city? It is certainly right to pay some attention even here to hygiene, which has made such marked progress in Europe; but in the process of sanitation, what has not gone to naught in Cairo? The khedive Ismail has vied with the prefect Hausmann in the demolition of venerable buildings and ancient quarters of the town, and every sin he committed in this matter was laid at the door of the public health.

The injury is simply shocking which has been done to the noblest specimens of Arabian architecture by the monarch just mentioned. The ancient architects followed the plan of laying over a foundation of yellow stone another layer of free-stone of delicate natural color, and they got thereby a splendid effect; for this plan enlivened the most extensive surfaces, and lent them a harmonious aspect. When the invitations were issued for the opening of the Suez Canal, the khedive began to lose taste of the old weather-beaten walls, to whitewash the mosques: and in order not to give up altogether the idea of the alternate layer of stones, to daub them with long stripes of red and yellow. But what a choice of color! the yellow was the yellow of the buttercup,

the red was the red of new-burnt tiles. It offended eye and heart alike to look on the harlequin costume in which the most precious works of art were dressed up. And then how carelessly were those monuments allowed to fall into decay, and in what a barbarian manner were their restorations conducted, without so much as guarding against the danger of their falling in! There was nowhere a fond or even intelligent regard for the historical, and the noblest works in wood and stone that had to be removed, were with shocking want of piety delivered over to destruction and suffered to perish.

These enormities ought to be prevented by the influence of England. They were criticised severely by the Oriental Congress, held in London in 1874, by the learned Consul Rodgers, well known as an authority on Oriental coins; but nevertheless much evil has been done in this matter, even since my last visit to Cairo, as I perceive from a recent and stirring paper of Rhone's. There are almost no old mosques in the city of the caliphs that are not in a crazy state.

But to say the truth, we cannot attribute this lamentable circumstance exclusively to the negligence of the government. We have pointed out in another place how much of all the ills of the country must be laid at the door of Oriental habits of thinking. Whatever brings no profit, is in their eyes deserving of nothing but destruction. They are entirely wanting in what we call the "historical sense." The past and its works have small value for them. God gives the present, and what is to come lies in his hand. When a noble monument of antiquity falls to pieces, they comfort themselves with the proverb of Lebid: "Know, O soul, that everything in the world that is not God, is doomed to perish." The Mussulman Cairene despises what dates from the time of the Pharaohs; to him it is through and through *kupri*, or heathenish; if it disappear from the earth — just so much the better! Unfortunately, too, the architects of the age of the caliphs must bear part of the blame of the rapid decay of their masterpieces, for they built with an unaccountable carelessness which is certainly

calculated to fill their colleagues of the present day with an aversion to come to the rescue.

"Time mocks all, but the pyramids mock time," says an Arabian proverb. They have been used as quarries, and they have only not been blown into the air, because danger to the town was apprehended from the explosion; the face of the great Sphinx has served as a target for the guns of the Mamelukes; but these remains of the age of the Pharaohs have nevertheless survived, and will maintain their place even when everything that is venerable for age or beauty in the noble metropolis of the heyday of Mussulman life shall have perished, and when Cairo shall be no more than a cluster of miserable hovels like a modern Italian town.

The father has survived the son for thousands of years, for although Cairo was founded by Arabs, it yet stands, not only outwardly but even inwardly, in a relation of sonship to Memphis. The history of the foundation of Cairo, together with the anecdotes that belong to it, has been narrated a hundred times, but no one has yet attempted to show how much many sides of its rapid and brilliant development owed to the Hellenized, Christianized, but still genuinely Egyptian city of the pyramids on the other bank of the Nile. A handful of those Moslem heroes who, in the fresh inspiration of their new faith, and penetrated with moral earnestness and the sanctity of their cause, threw down kingdom after kingdom, conquered Egypt on their way. True, they found a powerful ally in the religious hatred that separated the monophysite Egyptians from the orthodox Byzantine authorities, and this hatred was so great that to the Copts it seemed more tolerable to go into subjection to infidels than to be ruled by Greek Christians of another rite from their own, who besides were further from them by race than their Arabian neighbors. One of their own pastors, Bishop Benjamin, of Alexandria, induced them to conclude an alliance with the infidel, in the same way as in recent times the Bishop of Kū has got his Coptic congregation to go over with him to Protestantism. The commander of the Moslem army knew well what he was about when he detained the Egyptian ambassadors in his camp, in order to show them the moral earnestness of his soldiers, and the lofty piety that animated them. After the sword had decided in favor of the adherents of the Prophet, and the Greeks had lost the day, Mukankas, a Copt, who was

governor of the Nile valley, exclaimed, after receiving an unfavorable dispatch from his imperial master in Constantinople: "By God! these Arabs, with their smaller numbers, are stronger and mightier than we, with all our multitudes; a single man of them is as good as a hundred of us; for they seek death, which is dearer to them than life, and is a positive joy: we cannot hold out against them." And those fearless heroes, whose gallant deeds on Egyptian fields are chronicled in history, were at the same time statesmen of remarkable sagacity.

No other place seemed at that time to be entitled to be the capital of the Nile valley except Alexandria, and the commander 'Amr was disposed to recognize it as such, but the caliph Omar ordered him to look elsewhere, for he could not conceal from himself that this restless maritime city that continually lent itself to insurrectionary movements, and was situated besides at the extreme verge of the new province, was but ill adapted to constitute the centre of the life which he wished to plant in the Nile valley. A place as yet unreached by the threads of party, and the bloody religious disputes in which the age abounded, should be chosen for the seat and centre of the home and foreign administration of the newly conquered country. The new capital was accordingly founded on a well-situated spot, opposite Memphis, on the banks of the still undivided Nile, and according to a well-known story, it was founded on the very site where the tent of the commander-in-chief had stood. When 'Amr was to go to Alexandria, and gave orders for his tent to be struck, he was told that a pair of pigeons had settled on the roof of it. "God forbid," he exclaimed, "that a Moslem should refuse his shelter to a living being, a creature of God, that has committed itself in confidence to the protection of his hospitality." The tent was forbidden to be touched, and when 'Amr returned from Alexandria victorious, he found it there still, occupied it, and made it the centre from which he proceeded in founding the new capital, which was called Fostat—i.e., the tent. As the town grew, the Arabic name of Egypt, Misr or Masr, was transferred to it, and among the present Moslem inhabitants of the Nile valley and the Cairenes themselves, it is still called nothing else but Masr-Kahira. The Arabic form of Cairo came to be added to the old name three hundred years after the foundation of the city, and though

Europeans use the latter name exclusively, it is very seldom heard among the natives. Many of them at the present day would understand as little what you meant if you asked them about Cairo or Kahira as a Saxon peasant would understand if you asked him about the "Florence of the Elbe" (Dresden). Dschötar, the commander of the Fatimide Muizz, who added to Fostat the new quarter which forms the Cairo of to-day, gave to this quarter the name of Masr-el-Kähira, because the planet Mars (El-Kähir) crossed the meridian at the very time when the foundation-stone of the walls that surrounded it was laid. Since El-Kähir means the victorious, Masr-el-Kähira may be rendered Masr the Victorious. The foundation of Fostat, now old Cairo (in Arabic, Masr-el-Atika), took place in the year 638, so that it belongs by right to the younger towns of the world.

Its outward, and still more its inward, development proceeded with remarkable rapidity. When we consider that this town owes its origin entirely to illiterate children of the desert, and then reflect that not two hundred years after its foundation Harun-er-Raschid's son Mämün († 883), found here in full bloom a rich scientific life which embraced all, including even the most difficult, disciplines, we are in presence of a phenomenon which has been hitherto noted and ascribed to the fine and susceptible mind of the Arabs, but which, on closer inspection becomes simply inexplicable, unless we take into account the non-Moslem factors that co-operated in this rapid development. We shall direct our special attention to these factors, and try to show how the Arabs have contrived in Cairo to build the house of their peculiar culture out of Egyptian wood.

Cairo is not so modern as it seems. The Fostat which 'Amr founded is connected with the Fort Babylon which was certainly erected in prehistoric times. One legend relates that prisoners of war of the great Ramses — and another that the Babylonians in the army of Cambyses, which conquered Egypt in 525 A.D. — founded it as a "New Babylon;" and history records that among the Romans one of the three legions that occupied Egypt had their quarters here. But this fort existed long before the Persian invasion, and even before Ramses II. Early writings call it Cher or Cheran (Battle-town), and in a text in the temple of Kurna, dating from the fourteenth century B.C., we are told of it that the lower

Egyptian Nile began there, that it was measured there, and that from thence it sought its way in the arms of the Delta. It further appears from the inscription of the Ethiopian Pianchi, that a street of Memphis (across the Nile) led to Cher (Babylon), and from thence to Heliopolis. This rout must have passed through the island Rôda, which, at the time of the Moslem invasion, was connected with both banks of the river by a bridge of boats; Memphis was thus closely joined to Babylon. The water-mark, measuring the height of the stream, that stands on the island Rôda (exactly opposite Babylon), and still indicates to the Cairenes the fall of the flood of the Nile, appears to have existed at the time of the Pharaohs, and perhaps it was carried at a later period from the mainland to the island.

The town which was the base of the Fostat of 'Amr was by no means unimportant, whereas the streets and quarters which the governor erected under four building inspectors, and distributed among his soldiers according to their tribes, must have been at first small and thinly inhabited. Among the Christian churches in Old Cairo (Babylon), there are some which must certainly have existed before the foundation of Fostat. The most remarkable of them, the Coptic Church of St. Mary, was in its main parts not built before the eighth century after Christ; but it contains much that shows it to have been originally a Greek temple of a very early period. From Babylon there stretches out a fertile, well cultivated, and thickly populated plain, full of garden-trees and vineyards, as far as Mokattam; and high above the houses and villas of the Egyptians rises the lighthouse-tower (Kaer esch-Schama), in which the Roman and Greek governors resided when they visited the district before the conquest of the country. The inhabitants of this town and its vicinity enjoyed great comfort, and 'Amr's reports of the caliphs are full of the plenty in which the peasantry lived and the wealth with which many Egyptian towns were blessed. A Copt of the name of Peter, who kept his riches obstinately concealed, was on friendly terms with a monk in El-Tür (Sini Monastery). 'Amr sent to this monk and demanded in a letter, sealed with the ring of Peter, and in Peter's name, the delivery of the goods entrusted to him. The messenger brought back a soldered case, and when this was opened it was found to contain a letter on which was written that the money was deposited under the largest water-tank.

On search there were found there fifty-three large measures (more than twelve millions of denarii) of coined gold.

On the whole the Egyptians were mildly treated, and so they did not fear building close to the skirts of the garrison town. Thirty-seven years after the foundation of that place, so many Copts had settled in it that the governor Maslama had to permit them to build a church of their own. Fostat and Babylon got completely united, and the new place soon became the central seat of the government, and by its fresh energetic growth cast the venerable, but back-going and age-enfeebled, Memphis on the other bank of the Nile completely into the shade. The celebrated city of the pyramids had been a populous court city down to the end of the reign of the Ptolemies, and even under the Romans and Byzantines it might still be called a great town. But its old fame was gone; Christianity had dispersed the great fraternities of heathen priests; and Egyptian learning, which had been cultivated for thousands of years in the temples of Ptah, Imhotep, and other divinities, had lost its peculiar character; it had, in great part, perished altogether, and where it was still cultivated by individuals, had accommodated itself to circumstances by the assumption of new forms. Greek art had completely supplanted the old national Egyptian; Alexandria had absorbed the trade of Memphis; and what Alexandria left of it was diverted by the new and active town on the other bank of the river. The sinking man always makes for the side of the strong swimmer, and so it came about that the Memphites left their own declining town in thousands, and sought for more favorable conditions of life in Fostat. The excellent Arabic writer 'Abdelatif († 1232), found on the site of Memphis nothing but deserted ruins; but these remains were still so extensive that he calls them a world of walls, which confused the mind and baffled the descriptive powers of even the most accomplished writer. He concludes, from a glance at the popular belief, that the ancient Egyptians were long-lived giants, who were able to move heavy blocks of stone from one spot to another by the use of their magical wands. The only inhabitants of these ruins are said to have been bands of robbers, who were employed by commercial companies to search the fallen edifices and vaults for gold, silver, and other treasures.

Memphis soon sank into complete ob-

livion; even her wonderful ruins disappeared from the earth, and to-day green asters and palm groves occupy the place where once stood one of the most ancient and celebrated cities of the world. Only the monuments in the city of the dead, the great graveyard of the Memphites, many miles long, have escaped destruction. The city of the living, the colossal temples of their gods, the "white walls" of the famous fort of the town, and the other public buildings which once raised proud heads, have vanished from the face of the earth. The rapidly extending Cairo needed hewn stones, freestones, and columns, and the devastated Memphis was the rich quarry from whence she got them. The same fate befell Heliopolis on the same bank of the river, to the north of the new metropolis. This famous city of scholars, the centre of Egyptian sun-worship, has also disappeared from the earth, and was already in the time of El-Makrizi († 1442) no more than a country town containing some ruins of dismantled sanctuaries. A great part of the obelisks brought from the Nile to the countries of western Europe originally stood in this place, in front of the temples of the sun, and among others, the so-called Cleopatra's Needle, now in London, and its twin-sister, transported to America. Hewn stones were easily carried to Fostat by water, or by the old road which connected Heliopolis with Memphis through Babylon; and so one may assume that the houses and palaces of this town rest in good part on ancient Egyptian foundations. More than one building has been discovered in Cairo containing stones inscribed with hieroglyphics. Among these a mighty *stèle* (stone table) of black granite, that was found during the excavations made at the foundation of a house that was pulled down, acquired special celebrity. It contains a perfectly uninjured inscription, which was devoted to the honor of Ptolemy Soter before his official recognition as successor of Alexander II., and establishes by first-hand evidence that he restored to the priests of this place the lands in the northern part of the delta that had been taken from the temple of Bulo; other stones, carved with hieroglyphics, were appropriated in the building of mosques; and who has visited the mosques of Cairo, and not observed the great number of pillars from old heathen buildings that are employed in their construction?

In the mosque of 'Amr, the oldest in all Egypt, stands a forest of pillars. Ev-

ery one of them supports a capital, which owes its origin to Greek, Roman, and Byzantine masons. Most of these appear to have come from Memphis. It is remarkable that the Arabs have nowhere made use of pillars fashioned in the old Egyptian style, although they could have found them in any quantity they liked at Memphis and Hieropolis. They must have been thoroughly against their taste, for the simple reason that they imitated the forms of plants, and their religion forbade all recognizable likenesses of organic beings. But they could bear with pleasure the sight of Greek and Roman pillars of the most variegated form.

The Moslem ruled the land, and Fostat was a genuine Moslem town; but the Arab understood how to turn to account the superior knowledge and capacity of his numerous Egyptian fellow-citizens. They were superior to him in numbers, and many of them were scholars, immigrants from Memphis and Heliopolis, who went over to the new religion, and, as Moslems among Moslems, continued their scientific labors and worked as teachers.

The wonderfully quick apprehension, and the keen, nimble mind of the Arab, enabled him to appropriate rapidly the scientific treasures he found among the conquered Egyptians. The Moslems not only acquired foreign learning, but assimilated it to their own ways of thought, and followed out every discipline that seemed to them worth working at, with success, energy, and intellectual acuteness.

Just as their towns and mosques had a character of their own, although they were put together for the most part out of stones and building materials that owed their origin to foreign art, so their science may be said to be genuinely Arabic, although it can be shown that here, too, the stately ship has been built from planks found ready made at Egyptian wharfs. Of course the arcana of Egyptian science had long since grown less and less, for Greek learning was deeply studied in the Nile valley, and cast the priestly wisdom of the age of the Pharaohs into the shade. But precisely in the sphere of the so-called exact sciences to which the Arabs devoted themselves with preference, the Egyptians at the time of the foundation of Fostat had still much material in the form of traditions, although they had for centuries abandoned their obsolete complicated system of writing and had accustomed themselves to the use of Greek letters. Even the rude speech of earlier times was

essentially altered and enriched by Greek words. The Coptic, a dialect whose syntactic pureness delights the linguist, stepped into the place of her mother, the ancient Egyptian; but every educated Copt was able also to speak Greek, and the libraries of Memphis could not have been wanting in the most eminent works of Greek literature.

This is no mere guess, for if fragments of a great library, including Greek MSS., which do not seem to have been produced very long before the foundation of Fostat, have been found in the unimportant Krokodilopolis in Fajjum, and parts of the Iliad, and of the lyric poet Alkman, in the neighborhood of a small town in middle Egypt, then it may be safely assumed that libraries full of Greek MSS. must have existed in the half-Hellenic metropolis, Memphis. The treasures of the famous Alexandrian library were destroyed, sold to Constantinople, stolen, and scattered long before 'Amr came to Egypt. The famous story that this commander heated the baths of the town with costly books, because they deserved destruction if they taught anything different from the Koran, and were unnecessary if they taught the faith, belongs demonstrably to the region of fable.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE DYING MOUNTEBANK.

THEY had sent for the doctor from Bourron before six. About eight some villagers came round for the performance, and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By ten Madame Tentailon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Doctor Desprez.

The doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining-room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived.

"Sapristi!" said the doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as he was—in his slippers and skull-cap.

The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another

into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable, to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Doctor Desprez were to live a thousand years, he would never forget his arrival at that room; for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his existence. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the day of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation; for no actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many moving and decisive accidents in the lives of all, which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Doctor Desprez, a man past forty, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentaillon's stable.

It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet; a large man, with a Quixotic nose inflamed with drinking. Madame Tentaillon stooped over him, applying a hot water and mustard friction to his feet; and on a chair close by sat a little fellow of eleven or twelve, with his feet dangling. These three were the only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upwards and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's profile was enlarged upon the wall in caricature, and it was strange to see his nose shorten and lengthen as the flame was blown about by draughts. As for Madame Tentaillon, her shadow was no more than a gross hump of shoulders, and now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them, like a cloud, in a corner of the roof.

It was the boy who took the doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of haunting eyes. It was not merely that these eyes were large, or steady, or the softest ruddy brown. There was a look in them, besides, which thrilled the doctor, and made him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen such a look before, and yet he could not remember how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the

boy would give him no peace; he seemed profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Desprez could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man: he put questions, he felt the pulse, he jested, he grew a little hot and swore; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eyes waiting for his with the same inquiring, melancholy gaze.

At last the doctor hit on the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; he was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The doctor drew a long breath, he was so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he despatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the doctor.

"Is this your father?" asked Desprez.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master."

"Are you fond of him?" continued the doctor.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Madame Tentaillon and Desprez exchanged expressive glances.

"That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness. "Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a guest, are touched with some affection."

The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting.

"You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man."

"He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and whatnot. They have no interior."

But the doctor was still scrutinizing the little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and uplifted.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Desprez leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement, and felt his head all over from an ethnological point of view.

"Celtic, Celtic!" he said.

"Celtic!" cried Madame Tentaillon, who had perhaps confounded the word with hydrocephalous. "Poor lad! is it dangerous?"

"That depends," returned the doctor grimly. And then once more addressing the boy: "And what do you do for your living, Jean-Marie?" he inquired.

"I tumble," was the answer.

"So! Tumble?" repeated Desprez. "Probably healthful. I hazard the guess, Madame Tentaillon, that tumbling is a healthful way of life. And have you never done anything else but tumble?"

"Before I learned that, I used to steal," answered Jean-Marie gravely.

"Upon my word!" cried the doctor. "You are a nice little man for your age. Madame, when my *confidre* comes from Bourron, you will communicate my unfavorable opinion. I leave the case in his hands; but of course, on any alarming symptom, above all if there should be a sign of rally, do not hesitate to knock me up. I am a doctor no longer, I thank God; but I have been one. Good-night, madame. Good sleep to you, Jean-Marie."

CHAPTER II.

MORNING TALK.

DOCTOR DESPREZ always rose early. Before the smoke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden. Now he would pick a bunch of grapes; now he would eat a big pear under the trellis; now he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing-place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories

like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The doctor was a connoisseur of sun-rises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a theory of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him to that end: the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the behavior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of cloud, the color of the light, and last, although not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louvre-boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Gretz, he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought at first there was no place so healthful in the arrondissement. By the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie, he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say — "doctor is a foul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark it, as a flaw in our civilization, that we have not the proper horror of disease. Now I, for my part, have washed my hands of it; I have renounced my laureation; I am no doctor; I am only a worshipper of the true goddess Hygieia. Ah, believe me, it is she who has the cestus! And here, in this exiguous hamlet, has she placed her shrine; here she dwells and lavishes her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile at her presence. Rheumatism!" he would cry, on some malapert interruption. "Oh, yes, I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But, my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there you would say. Well, compared with Gretz, Bourron is a perfect sham-ble."

The morning after he had been sum-

moned to the dying mountebank, the doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden, and had a long look at the running water. This he called prayer; but whether his adorations were addressed to the goddess Hygieia or some more orthodox deity, never plainly appeared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was the type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as the great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity, and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, seen a fish or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver, and sufficiently admired the long shadows of the trees falling half across the river from the opposite bank, with patches of moving sunlight in between, he strolled once more up the garden and through his house into the street, feeling cool and renovated.

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it, seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the doctor, walking in long, transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentallion's carriage entry, he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha!" he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we? It appears to me that you have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Desprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the doctor. "We are now pursuing the Socratic method. Why do you like it?"

"It is so quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it so very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the doctor.

"No; but I mean as I stole," explained the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tarts, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the doctor with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the doctor. "Look there at the sky — behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your

chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet towards the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the doctor roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But are not you a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks. "Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lover's meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment, and alarm. "Hullo!" said he, "why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"Oh, no," replied Jean-Marie seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. Oh, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricule when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practised, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds

round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The doctor had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Desprez, with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

The doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured: that you are no human being. No, boy"—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being." And so accept my humble salutations, and farewell!"

And with that the doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADOPTION.

MADAME DESPREZ, who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout *brune*, with cool, smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes, and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctures, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperturbably good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and perhaps vainly imitated.

Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the doctor: everything was in its place; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Béarnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The doctor drank half a bottle *plus* one glass, the wife half a bottle *minus* the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Côte Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Char-

treuse for madame, for the doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the doctor — "this coffee is adorable — a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole — Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude towards the Power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed. "Now, that is like you — to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the doctor solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders — my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because — because —" he looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its complete exercise. To the proof: instead of attempting to cloak my incon-

sistency, I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an accident. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night, I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated with a titter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri, is this an idiotic pleasantry, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

"Truly," replied the doctor with a shrug, "you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my ever beautiful Anastasie. She will never understand him; he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my affinity for Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly frank, I stand in some awe of him myself. You will easily perceive that I am announcing a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude, "do not give way to tears after a meal, Anastasie. You will certainly give yourself a false digestion."

Anastasie controlled herself. "You know how willing I am to humor you," she said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this point——"

"My dear love," interrupted the doctor, eager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to leave Paris? Who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life before I knew you? Have I been faithful? Have I been obedient? Have I not borne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipulation on my side? I have, and you know it. I stipulate my son."

Anastasie was aware of defeat; she struck her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed.

"Not in the least," said he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month, just as I did when I was first brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making your husband the happiest of men."

"You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance; "nothing that will make you truly hap-

pier. But will this? Are you sure, my husband? Last night, you say, you found him! He may be the worst of humbugs."

"I think not," replied the doctor. "But do not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a finished man of the world; I have had all possibilities in view; my plan is contrived to meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy. If he pilfer, if he grumble, if he desire to change, I shall see I was mistaken; I shall recognize him for no son of mine, and send him tramping."

"You will never do so when the time comes," said his wife; "I know your good heart."

She reached out her hand to him, with a sigh; the doctor smiled as he took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; for perhaps the twentieth time, he had proved the efficacy of his trusty argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's antecedents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear; and she would have allowed her husband to keep a menagerie in the back garden, let alone adopting a stable-boy, rather than permit the question of return to be discussed.

About four of the afternoon, the mountebank rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Doctor Desprez was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder and led him out into the inn garden where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.

"Jean-Marie," he said very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast; and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on; and there are very few bakers' shops for so many eaters. Your master is dead; you are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation then is undesirable, it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly; still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a

good table: a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer myself to you as both. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me, the door shall be open, and I will give you a hundred francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge aright. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself; and that if I make the proposal, it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now, reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the doctor warmly, rising at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Anastasie. "How hot and heavy is the evening, to be sure! I have always had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Gretz. I should lie under a water-lily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life—do you not think so, too?"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English schoolboy of the same age. "And now," he added, "I will take you to my wife."

Madame Desprez sat in the dining-room in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tile floor had been recently sprinkled with water; her eyes were half shut, but she affected to be reading a novel as they entered. Though she was a bustling woman, she enjoyed repose between whiles and had a remarkable appetite for sleep.

The doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake."

"He is very pretty," said Anastasie. "Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

The doctor was furious and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anastasie?" he said; "what is all this I hear about the tact of women? Heaven knows, I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child."

"I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do better."

The doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your conduct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try—if it is possible for a woman to understand young people—but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

Anastasie did as she was bidden, and considered the doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the doctor's errors to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must not be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is sometimes difficult to understand. You will soon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I. I am not clever, but I am very good-natured. Will you give me a kiss?"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own eloquence, and tenderness followed. The doctor, entering, found them enlaced; he con-

cluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie," when she looked up at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

When the doctor and his wife were in bed, she put her arms about him very caressingly. "Henri," she said, "my husband, I love your son; I shall love him more every day; you have done wisely and kindly in bringing him, for he will be a great happiness to me; and to love the same person will help us to love each other the more dearly."

The doctor was so tenderly affected at these words that he lost countenance; a pricking in his eyes admonished him that weakness was prevailing in the citadel of man; nor did he contend with nature; and this ingenuous couple mingled their tears and kissed each other with the utmost affection.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THE installation of the adopted stable-boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the doctor's house. Jean-Marie did his horse and carriage duty in the morning; sometimes helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the doctor, to drink wisdom from the fountain-head; and was introduced at night to the sciences and the dead tongues. He retained his singular placidity of mind and manner; he was rarely in fault; but he made only a very partial progress in his studies, and remained much of a stranger in the family.

The doctor was a pattern of regularity. All forenoon, he worked on his great book, the "Comparative Pharmacopœia, or Historical Dictionary of all Medicines," which as yet consisted principally of slips of paper and pins. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes, and to combine antiquarian interest with professional utility. But the doctor was studious of literary graces and the picturesque; an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a piece of science; a little more, and he would have written the "Comparative Pharmacopœia" in verse! The article "Mummia" for instance, was already complete, though the remainder of the work had not progressed beyond the letter A. It was exceedingly copious and entertaining, writ-

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ten with quaintness and color, exact, erudite, a literary article; but it would hardly have afforded guidance to a practising physician of to-day. The feminine good sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising sincerity; for the dictionary was duly read aloud to her betwixt sleep and waking, as it proceeded towards an infinitely distant completion; and the doctor was a little sore on the subject of mummies, and sometimes resented an allusion with asperity.

After the midday meal and a proper period of digestion, he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie; for madame would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts, and ready to drop asleep over a novel the instant she was disengaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never snored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken; they held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters; to the extreme disappointment of the doctor, they occasionally sallied off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church; madame and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases; and, in short, although the doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their relation was as intimate, friendly, and confidential as their natures suffered.

I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, madame kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virtues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice — the promise of a second Doctor Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal bluntness of her mind, bemoaning

his own fate to be so unequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Anastasie more dearly, menacing the table china by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opinion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks, she would snatch her opportunity in the doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would say; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I can assure you that it makes no difference in life."

The doctor's view was naturally different. That gentleman never wearied of the sound of his own voice, which was, to say the truth, agreeable enough to hear. He now had a listener, who was not so cynically indifferent as Anastasie, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, was he not educating the boy? And education, philosophers are agreed, is the most philosophical of duties. What can be more heavenly to poor mankind than to have one's hobby grow into a duty to the State? Then, indeed, do the ways of life become ways of pleasantness. Never had the doctor seen reason to be more content with his endowments. Philosophy flowed smoothly from his lips. He was so agile a dialectician that he could trace his nonsense, when challenged, back to some root in sense, and prove it to be a sort of flower upon his system. He slipped out of antinomies like a fish, and left his disciple marvelling at the rabbi's depth.

Moreover, deep down in his heart the doctor was disappointed with the ill-success of his more formal education. A boy, chosen by so acute an observer for his aptitude, and guided along the path of learning by so philosophic an instructor, was bound, by the nature of the universe, to make a more obvious and lasting advance. Now Jean-Marie was slow in all things, impenetrable in others; and his power of forgetting was fully on a level with his power to learn. Therefore the doctor cherished his peripatetic lectures, to which the boy attended, which he generally appeared to enjoy, and by which he often profited.

Many and many were the talks they had together; and health and moderation proved the subject of the doctor's divagations. To these he lovingly returned.

"I lead you," he would say, "by the green pastures. My system, my beliefs, my

medicines, are resumed in one phrase—to avoid excess. Blessed nature, healthy, temperate nature, abhors and exterminates excess. Human law, in this matter, imitates at a great distance her provisions; and we must strive to supplement the efforts of the law. Yes, boy, we must be a law to ourselves and for our neighbors—*lex armata*—armed, emphatic, tyrannous law. If you see a crapulous human ruin snuffing, dash from him his box! The judge, though in a way an admission of disease, is less offensive to me than either the doctor or the priest. Above all the doctor—the doctor and the purulent trash and garbage of his pharmacopœia! Pure air—from the neighborhood of a pinetum for the sake of the turpentine—unadulterated wine, and the reflections of an unsophisticated spirit in the presence of the works of nature—these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts. Devote yourself to these. Hark! there are the bells of Bourron (the wind is in the north, it will be fair). How clear and airy is the sound! The nerves are harmonized and quieted; the mind attuned to silence; and observe how easily and regularly beats the heart! Your unenlightened doctor would see nothing in these sensations; and yet you yourself perceive they are a part of health. Did you remember your quinine this morning? Good. Quinine also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only the bark of a tree which we might gather for ourselves if we lived in the locality. What a world is this! Though a professed atheist, I delight to bear my testimony to the world. Look at the gratuitous remedies and pleasures that surround our path! The river runs by the garden end, our bath, our fishpond, our natural system of drainage. There is a well in the court which sends up sparkling water from the earth's very heart, clean, cool, and, with a little wine, most wholesome. The district is notorious for its salubrity; rheumatism is the only prevalent complaint, and I myself have never had a touch of it. I tell you—and my opinion is based upon the coldest, clearest processes of reason—if I, if you, desired to leave this home of pleasure, it would be the duty, it would be the privilege, of our best friend to prevent us with a pistol bullet."

One beautiful June day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river, as blue as heaven, shone here and there among the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and flickered about Gretz church tower. A healthy wind blew from

over the forest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of treetops and innumerable millions on millions of green leaves was abroad in the air, and filled the ear with something between whispered speech and singing. It seemed as if every blade of grass must hide a cigale; and the fields rang merrily with their music, jingling far and near as with the sleigh-bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope the eye embraced a large space of poplar'd plain upon the one hand, the waving hilltops of the forest on the other, and Gretz itself in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under the bestriding arch of the blue heavens, the place seemed dwindled to a toy. It seemed incredible that people dwelt, and could find room to turn or air to breathe, in such a corner of the world. The thought came home to the boy, perhaps for the first time, and he gave it words.

"How small it looks!" he sighed.

"Ay," replied the doctor, "small enough now. Yet it was once a walled city; thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in armor, humming with affairs; with tall spires, for aught that I know, and portly towers along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew bell. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as scarecrows. In time of war, the assault swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows fell like leaves, the defenders sallied hotly over the draw-bridge, each side uttered its cry as they plied their weapons. Do you know that the walls extended as far as the Comanderie? Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion — nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken in your ear — and the town itself shrunk to the hamlet underneath us! By-and-by came the English wars — you shall hear more of the English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good — and Gretz was taken, sacked, and burned. It is the history of many towns; but Gretz never rose again; it was never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours. It gratifies me that our old house was the first to rise after the calamity; when the town had come to an end, it inaugurated the hamlet."

"I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-Marie.

"It should be the temple of the humbler virtues," responded the doctor with a savory gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why I love my little hamlet as I do, is that

we have a similar history, she and I. Have I told you that I was once rich?"

"I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie. "I do not think I should have forgotten. I am sorry you should have lost your fortune."

"Sorry?" cried the doctor. "Why I find I have scarce begun your education after all. Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old Gretz or in the new, free from alarms of war, with the green country at the door, without noise, passports, the exactions of the soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew bell to send us off to bed by sundown?"

"I suppose I should prefer the new," replied the boy.

"Precisely," returned the doctor; "so do I. And, in the same way, I prefer my present moderate fortune to my former wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adorable ancients; and I subscribe to their enthusiasm. Have I not good wine, good food, good air, the fields and the forest for my walk, a house, an admirable wife, a boy whom I protest I cherish like a son? Now, if I were still rich, I should indubitably make my residence in Paris — you know Paris — Paris and Paradise are not convertible terms. This pleasant noise of the wind streaming among leaves changed into the grinding Babel of the street, the stupid glare of plaster substituted for this quiet pattern of greens and greys, the nerves shattered, the digestion falsified — picture the fall! Already you perceive the consequences; the mind is stimulated, the heart steps to a different measure, and the man is himself no longer. I have passionately studied myself — the true business of philosophy. I know my character as the musician knows the ventages of his flute. Should I return to Paris, I should ruin myself gambling; nay, I go further — I should break the heart of my Anastasie with infidelities."

This was too much for Jean-Marie. That a place should so transform the most excellent of men transcended his belief. Paris, he protested, was even an agreeable place of residence. "Nor when I lived in that city did I feel much difference," he pleaded.

"What!" cried the doctor. "Did you not steal when you were there?"

But the boy could never be brought to see that he had done anything wrong when he stole. Nor, indeed, did the doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very scrupulous when in want of a retort.

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin to understand? My only friends were those who ruined me. Gretz has been my academy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent pleasures. If millions are offered me, I wave them back: *Retro, Satanas!* — Evil one, begone! Fix your mind on my example; despise riches, avoid the debasing influence of cities. Hygiene — hygiene and mediocrity of fortune — these be your watchwords during life!"

If this was the first, it was not by any means the last, conversation on the subject; Jean-Marie drank the doctrine in. The doctor's system of hygiene strikingly coincided with his tastes; and his picture of the perfect life was a faithful description of the one he was leading at the time. But it is easy to convince a boy, whom you supply with all the facts for the discussion. And besides, there was one thing admirable in the philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of the philosopher. There was never any one more vigorously determined to be pleased; and if he was not a great logician, and so had no right to convince the intellect, he was certainly something of a poet, and had a fascination to seduce the heart. What he could not achieve in his customary humor of a radiant admiration of himself and his circumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits of gloom.

"Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If I were superstitious, I should even beg for an interest in your prayers. I am in the black fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of the merchant Abudah, the personal devil of the mediæval monk, is with me — is in me," tapping on his breast. "The vices of my nature are now uppermost; innocent pleasures woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my wallowing in the mire. See," he would continue, producing a handful of silver, "I denude myself, I am not to be trusted with the price of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander it on deleterious candy, throw it in the deepest of the river — I will homologate your action. Save me from that part of myself which I disown. If you see me falter, do not hesitate: if necessary, wreck the train! I speak, of course, by a parable. Any extremity were better than for me to reach Paris alive."

Doubtless the doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation in his part; they represented the Byronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the boy, though he was

dimly aware of their theatricality, they represented more. The doctor made perhaps too little, the boy possibly too much, of the reality and gravity of these temptations.

One day a great light shone for Jean-Marie. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked.

"In theory, yes," replied the doctor. "But it is found in experience that no one does so. All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession is debasing, new desires spring up; and the silly taste for ostentation eats out the heart of pleasure."

"Then you might be better if you had less," said the boy.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Why?" demanded pitiless innocence.

Doctor Desprez saw all the colors of the rainbow in a moment; the stable universe appeared to be about capsizing with him. "Because," said he — affecting deliberation after an obvious pause — "because I have formed my life for my present income. It is not good for men of my years to be violently dissevered from their habits."

That was a sharp brush. The doctor breathed hard, and fell into taciturnity for the afternoon. As for the boy, he was delighted with the resolution of his doubts; even wondered that he had not foreseen the obvious and conclusive answer. His faith in the doctor was a stout piece of goods. Desprez was inclined to be a sheet in the wind's eye after dinner, especially after Rhone wine, his favorite weakness. He would remark on the warmth of his feeling for Anastasie, and with inflamed cheeks and a loose, flustered smile, debate upon all sorts of topics, and be feebly and indiscreetly witty. But the adopted stable boy would not permit himself to entertain a doubt that savored of ingratitude. It is quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.

The doctor thoroughly possessed his heart, but perhaps he exaggerated his influence over his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie adopted some of his master's opinions, but I have yet to learn that he ever surrendered one of his own. Convictions existed in him by divine right; they were virgin, unwrought, the brute metal of decision. He could add others indeed, but he could not put away; neither did he

care if they were perfectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with turning them over or justifying them in words. Words were with him a mere accomplishment, like dancing. When he was by himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable. He would slip into the woods towards Achères, and sit in the mouth of a cave among grey birches. His soul stared straight out of his eyes; he did not move or think; sunlight, thin shadows moving in the wind, the edge of firs against the sky, occupied and bound his faculties. He was pure unity, a spirit wholly abstracted. A single mood filled him, to which all the objects of sense contributed, as the colors of the spectrum merge and disappear in white light.

So while the doctor made himself drunk with words, the adopted stable-boy bemused himself with silence.

R. L. STEVENSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

CARLYLE IN SOCIETY AND AT HOME.

DURING two years which have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's death his literary biographer has published two volumes of his "Reminiscences" and two of a biography extending over the first half of his life. Three volumes of "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters" raise the number to seven, in addition to two volumes of "Carlyle's Correspondence with Emerson," edited at Boston by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. The more interesting and probably the fuller half of the biography will appear hereafter; and Mr. Froude has at his disposal some thousands of letters exchanged between Carlyle and his numerous correspondents. All the English publications have, with or without reason, produced a painful impression, although the general estimate of Carlyle's personal character will probably emerge from the cloud of temporary prejudice. Notwithstanding his anxious avoidance of undue partiality, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Froude intended to do justice to the memory of his friend. In the preface to the biography he quotes, and accepts as obligatory on himself, the principle which is laid down by Carlyle in a review of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." It appears that Lockhart had been accused of indiscretion in noticing foibles and errors which qualified his delineation of an otherwise perfect character.

The very hero [wrote Carlyle] of the biography is rendered unheroic, unornamental facts of him and those he had to do with being set forth in plain English. . . . Know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been his worst fault not to do.

The result of Lockhart's adherence to the rule was that Scott's literary fame was illustrated and enhanced by sympathetic admiration for his personal qualities, as they were exhibited in his private career. Carlyle was not less upright or noble than Scott, and perhaps in the course of a laborious and unworldly life he committed fewer serious errors. Mr. Froude, in the formal biography, recognizes and describes Carlyle's singularly pure and lofty character; but in other publications he has, probably with the best intentions, concentrated the attention of his readers on the peculiarities and shortcomings which were calculated to produce popular disapproval and distaste. The latest instalment of biographical documents, consisting of Mrs. Carlyle's letters from the beginning of their residence in London to her death, is interesting in itself, except where it is concerned with sordid details; but, as far as it indicates her own occasional discontent and her husband's domestic defects, the violation of privacy is redeemed by no compensating advantage. It is true that Mr. Carlyle consented to the publication; but Mr. Froude was at liberty either to suppress the whole, or to omit the letters or passages which were certain to provoke offensive comment. It may be confidently asserted that when Carlyle prepared the letters for publication, he overlooked complaints which have furnished unfriendly observers with almost all the matter of their criticism. The principal fault in his character as disclosed by the letters was a certain dulness of perception in regard of his wife's sensitive nature. When he was awakened to the knowledge of her failing health, and after her death, he felt deep regret for his former obtuseness; but he apparently overlooked the meaning of many of her letters, for he refers with mournful pride and with entire absence of self-reproach to the relations which at one time excited her jealousy, while his unintended neglect of her sufferings is always remembered with sorrow and remorse. Mr. Froude discharges his self-imposed duty of unreserved exposure by carefully directing attention to an episode which occupies fewer than twelve pages out of twelve

hundred of Mrs. Carlyle's published letters. In his conscientious determination to leave nothing untold, he has not confined himself to the materials for personal criticism and gossip which were in well-intended candor furnished by Carlyle himself.

A part only [says Mr. Froude] of the following extracts was selected by Mr. Carlyle, and a part sufficient merely to leave a painful impression without explaining the origin of his wife's discontent. There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle, and there is no occasion for mystery. The diaries and other papers were placed in my hands that I might add whatever I might think necessary in the way of elucidation, and in this instance I have thought it right to avail myself of his permission.

It is true that there is no occasion for mystery in so ordinary and intelligible a grievance as the vexation of a wife whose husband finds another house occasionally more attractive than his own. In this case there was no question of even temporary separation, for Mrs. Carlyle habitually accompanied Carlyle in his visits, or, if she at any time declined an invitation, the refusal was given by her own desire. Mr. Froude gives an animated and accurate description of the society in which Carlyle for some years found his chief enjoyment.

Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, one of the best and wisest men in the high circle of English public life, was among the first to recognize Carlyle's extraordinary qualities. He soon became, and he remained to his death, the most intimate and attached of Carlyle's friends. Lady Harriet was a gifted and brilliant woman, who cared nothing for the frivolous occupations of fashion. She sought out and surrounded herself with the most distinguished persons in politics and literature, and was the centre of a planetary system in which statesmen, poets, artists, every man who had raised himself into notice by genuine intellectual worth, revolved while she lived as satellites. By Lady Harriet, Carlyle was ardently welcomed. In the world which gathered about herself and her husband he found himself among persons whom he could more nearly regard as his equals than any whom he had met with elsewhere. He was thrown into connection with the men who were carrying on the business of the world, in a sphere where he could make his influence felt among them. He was, perhaps, at one time ambitious of taking an active part in such affairs himself, and of "doing something more for the world," as Lord Byron said, "than writing books for it." At any rate his visits to Bath House, and the Grange, Lord Ashburton's house in Hampshire, gave him great enjoyment, and for many years as much of his leisure as he could spare was spent in the Ashburton society.

The acquaintance which was so agreeable to himself was less pleasant to Mrs. Carlyle. She was intensely proud of her husband, and wished to be first with him. . . . When she found that he had leisure for Bath House, though none for her, she became jealous and irritable. She was herself of course invited there, but the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands. Women understand how to make each other uncomfortable in little ways invisible to others, and Mrs. Carlyle soon perceived that she was admitted into those high regions for her husband's sake and not for her own.

It may, for anything I know to the contrary, be true that women understand how to make each other uncomfortable in little ways; but it was not true of Lady Ashburton. She was the most magnanimous of women, and she had no little ways. In her house, if in no other, the wives of her friends took the social rank of their husbands, and of some of them I can say from my own knowledge that they became warmly attached to Lady Ashburton.

It appears from the letters that Mrs. Carlyle sometimes willingly visited the Grange while her husband remained in London.

But for a cold [she writes in December, 1850] I should have been now at the Grange, where I had engaged myself to be on the 10th. The month of country, of pure air and green fields might have done me good, but I felt quite cowardly before the prospect of so much dressing for dinner and talking for effect, especially as I was to have gone this time on my own basis, Mr. C. being too busy with his book to waste a month at present, besides having a sacred horror of the several lots of children who were to be there, and the bother about whom drove him out of all patience last year.

There is nothing here about little ways, or the power of women to make each other uncomfortable. The shyness about dressing for dinner is quite intelligible; and Mrs. Carlyle was excusably mistaken if she thought that the practice of talking for effect was encouraged by the master or mistress of the Grange.

In his "Reminiscences," Carlyle describes her first visit to Addiscombe, Lord Ashburton's villa, near Croydon.

This time I had at once joined the company under the shady trees on their beautiful lawn; and my little woman, in five minutes, her dress all adjusted, came stepping out round the corner of the house, with such a look of lovely innocence, modesty, ingenuousness, powerfully suppressed humility, and radiance of native cleverness, intelligence, and dignity toward the great ladies and great gentlemen; it seems to

me at this moment I have never seen a more beautiful expression of a human face. Oh, my dearest, my dearest, that cannot now know how dear!

If Mrs. Carlyle at any time felt embarrassment in the society which she thus entered, she deserves credit for having always appeared in it perfectly at her ease. She took her share in conversation, and she formed friendly relations with several of the other guests of the house. But for painful disclosures, which ought not to have been made public, the distress which she seems to have suffered would never have been known to those who were not in the secret. Notwithstanding his expressions of remorse, I doubt whether Carlyle to the last understood the extent, or even the nature, of her jealous feeling. The evidence against him, which has been with conscientious industry collected by Mr. Froude, would probably have surprised the unconscious offender. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate friend, has, at Mr. Froude's request, furnished him with a statement which, as it must be assumed, contains a faithful account of the impressions which she received from Mrs. Carlyle's conversation at the time. If Miss Jewsbury is not in all respects strictly accurate, she needs no excuse for taking the part of her friend against her friend's husband, and her friend's husband's friend.

She was miserable, more abidingly and intensely miserable than words can utter. The misery was a reality, no matter whether her imagination made it or not. . . . Any other wife would have laughed at Mr. C.'s bewitchment with Lady A., but to her there was a complicated aggravation which made it very hard to endure. Lady A. was admired for sayings and doings for which she was snubbed. She saw through Lady A.'s little ways and *grande-dame* manners, and knew what they were worth.

It has been already said that Lady Ashburton had no little ways; and her manners, although they well became a great lady, were the reverse of what Miss Jewsbury probably means to suggest. I think Miss Jewsbury was not acquainted with Lady Ashburton; and indeed she is evidently repeating phrases used in her anger by Mrs. Carlyle.

Lady A. was excessively capricious towards her, and made her feel that they cared more about *him* than about *her*. She was never allowed to visit anywhere but at the Grange; and the mortifications and vexations which she felt, though they were often and often self-

made, were none the less intolerable to her. At first she was charmed with Lady A., but soon found that she had no real hold upon her, nor ever could or would have. Her sufferings were real, intense, and at times too grievous to be borne. C. did not understand all this, and only felt her to be unreasonable.

The most malignant of all commentators on Mr. Froude's publication has not hesitated to convert Miss Jewsbury's mysterious and ill-chosen phrase "bewitchment" into the offensive assertion that Carlyle was "besotted;" and he repeats the statement that Mrs. Carlyle was forbidden to visit elsewhere than at the Grange, though the letters themselves abundantly show, as he perceives, that Miss Jewsbury was mistaken. Her error probably arises from Carlyle's objection to his wife's acceptance of an invitation from a lady, a stranger to both, with whom Miss Jewsbury was staying. His wish that his wife should constantly accompany him in his visits to the Grange ought to have convinced her that her irritation was unreasonable or exaggerated. The grievance is not so much that Carlyle is unjustly judged, as that his memory should be dragged before the tribunal of popular opinion to be judged at all. The Rhadamanthine severity of his biographer is illustrated by a careful insistence on less serious charges. To a series of letters in 1843, which needed no explanation, a note is prefixed for the purpose of calling attention to a supposed instance of selfishness or neglect.

The house in Cheyne Row requiring paint and other readjustments, Carlyle had gone on a visit to Wales, leaving his wife to endure the confusion and superintend the workmen along with her maid.

No sensible woman desires the presence of her husband when a small house is turned upside down by painters and carpenters.

You see [says Mrs. Carlyle in her first letter to Carlyle in Wales] you do so hate commotion that this house gets no periodical cleanings like other people's, and one must make the most of your absence.

Neither husband nor wife foresaw that, forty years later, indignant moralists would revile his memory on the ground of an arrangement which suited them both, and which concerned and concerns no other human being.

While Carlyle, in the morbid depression which followed his wife's death and in the chronic melancholy of his later years, laments with mournful reiteration his for-

mer blindness to her sufferings, he never confesses intentional neglect. Least of all does he regret the long-continued friendship which had at one time caused her discontent. One of his notes inserted at the proper date in the collected letters, records how

At Paris, on her way home from Nice, Lady Ashburton (born Lady Harriet Montagu) suddenly died — suddenly to the doctors and those who believed them, in which number, fondly hoping against hope, was I. A sad and greatly interesting event to me and to many! The most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honor of her constant regard had for ten years back been amongst my proudest and most valued possessions; but now gone — forever gone. . . . In no society, English or other, had I seen the equal or the second of this great lady that was gone; by nature and culture *facile princeps* she, I think, of all great ladies I have ever seen.

Carlyle's noble eulogy, which was as just as it was eloquent, bears no trace of the "bewitchment" or the "besotted" condition which has been imagined through pardonable prejudice, or invented by discreditable spite. The wife of a man of genius might perhaps naturally resent his judgment that another woman had no equal or second; but there must be faithful and devoted husbands in the world whose wives are even in their opinion not superior to all the rest of their sex. Mrs. Carlyle, though she was never just to Lady Ashburton, said, after her first visit, —

This Lady Harriet Baring with whom we have been staying is the cleverest woman I ever saw in my life.

She proceeds to express a doubt whether she ever would be anything other than the most amusing and graceful woman of her time. It is impossible to say whether Carlyle, if he had understood his wife's feelings, would have sacrificed to her exacting temper the chief pleasure of his life. If she had possessed the will and the power to withdraw him from the first congenial society he had ever known, she would have inflicted an irreparable injury on him, and perhaps indirectly on herself. In the sunshine of that pleasant region all his nature seemed to expand. He was nowhere else so bright, so communicative, and so cheerful; and his conversation rose even above its ordinary standard. I have often since regretted that I had not the industry to take notes, after the manner of Boswell, of his profuse outpourings of imagination and humor. A few half-forgotten scraps and fragments inade-

quately represent a colloquial, or rather an oral faculty, which has seldom or never been equalled or approached. As to the value, or even the meaning, of his doctrines there might be differences of opinion; but many competent judges whom I have consulted agree to the full extent in my admiration of his inexhaustible fertility and of his brilliant expression. His preference for the Grange, or Addiscombe, or Bath House, was explained by sufficient reasons. As Mr. Froude says, he was now for the first time in the society of his equals, and he was brought into connection with those who carried on the business of the world. Mr. Froude has probably reason for adding that he may have hoped himself to exercise practical influence; but the only political function for which he could in any circumstances have been qualified was that of a confidential and irresponsible adviser to some ruling statesman. The position of William v. Humboldt at the court of Frederic William IV., as the king's non-official counsellor and daily companion, is only possible under a personal government. If Carlyle had himself any ambition of the kind his dream must have been soon dispelled. The social enjoyment remained. He had previously known many persons of ability and eminence; some among them of the highest intellectual rank; but he saw his London acquaintances occasionally and separately with an admixture of mediocrity and commonplace. The results of his later experience are contained in a passage of his biography of his wife: —

Certain of the aristocracy, however, did seem to me still very noble, and with due limitation of the wholly worthless (none of whom had we to do with) I should vote at present that, of classes known to me in England, the aristocracy (with its perfection of human politeness, its continual grace of bearing and action, steadfast honor, light address, and cheerful stoicism, if you see well into it, is actually yet the best of English classes. Deep in it we never were — promenaders on the shore rather; but I have known it too, and formed deliberate judgment as above. My dear one in theory did not go so far, I think, in that direction, in fact was not at the pains to form much "theory;" but no eye in the world was quicker than hers for individual specimens, and to the last she had great pleasure in assorting more or less with the select of them, Lady William Russell, Dowager Lady Sandwich, Lady, etc., etc. (and not in over quantity). I remember at first sight of the first Lady Ashburton (who was far from regularly beautiful, but was probably the chief of all those great ladies), she said of her to me, "Something in her like a heathen god-

dess," which was a true reading, and in a case not plain at all, but oftener mistaken than rightly taken.

Here again the tone in which Lady Ashburton is mentioned, as well as the connection in which she is placed with Mrs. Carlyle, imply a total unconsciousness of any questionable conduct or feeling.

Lord Houghton has given in his "Monographs" an accurate and vivid account of Lady Ashburton's conversation:—

I do not know [he says] how I can better describe this faculty than as the fullest and freest exercise of an intellectual gaiety that presented the most agreeable and amusing pictures in few and varied words, making high comedy out of daily life, and relieving sound sense and serious observation with imaginative contrasts and delicate surprises. . . . While persons cognisant of the wit, and appreciative of her rapidity of movement and dexterity of fence, were fully sympathetic with Princess Lieven's judgment, "*qu'il vaudrait bien s'abonner pour entendre causer cette femme*," there were many estimable people to whom the electric transition from grave to gay was thoroughly distasteful. . . . It was in truth a joyous sincerity that no conventionalities could restrain, a festive nature flowering through the artificial soil of elevated life.

Lord Houghton would, as I infer from other passages, agree with me that Lady Ashburton's influence on the intercourse of her guests was as remarkable as her own conversation. She was not less great as a conductor than as a performer, though, with the single exception of Carlyle, she was always the best talker, and without exception the best converser in the room. To her intimate acquaintances, in conversation or in familiar letters she was still more amusing. Lady Ashburton was the only woman whom I ever knew whose playfulness sometimes took the form, not uncommon among humorous men, of comic fiction or grotesque exaggeration. I remember, in an animated history of the sorrows of a neglected childhood, a cruel governess who locked up and starved her pupil, and a kind housemaid who fed the prisoner through the keyhole with toasted cheese poured through a quill. The anecdote was not the less interesting because the feat appeared to me physically impossible. She had, perhaps, modified and improved a quotation which she once sent me from the sermon of the previous Sunday, to the effect that "the Scriptures are very obscure, and were never meant to be understood; for what might not have been the consequence if they had been?" Of the good sense and

the right feeling of her graver discourse I have no intention of speaking further, except to say that her force of character was shown by her tacit rejection of all Carlyle's heterodox and subversive doctrines. She sometimes expressed wonder at her good fortune in having been admitted to the intimate friendship of such a man; but she asserted her privilege as a woman to trust her own feelings rather than any dogmatic or anti-dogmatic teaching. Although her political friends were for the most part Whigs, and notwithstanding her constant intercourse with the most eloquent of heretics, her own predilections, temporal and spiritual, were always in favor of ancient beliefs and established institutions. It was one of her favorite paradoxes that she liked no one more or less for liking or disliking herself; but she must really have regarded with grateful complacency the admiration and attachment of the chief among her friends. An anecdote which she once sent me illustrates her full appreciation of Carlyle's minor peculiarities:—

The Carlyles had a maid some two years ago who was untidy, useless in all ways, but "abounding in grace," and in consequent censure of every one above or below her, and of everything she couldn't understand. After a long apostrophe one day, as she was bringing in dinner, Carlyle ended with "And this I can tell you, that if you don't carry the dishes straight, so as not to spill the gravy, so far from being tolerated in heaven, you won't be even tolerated on earth." I often feel as if I was spilling that gravy.

The story has an incidental interest, because it must almost certainly have been told to Lady Ashburton by Mrs. Carlyle. There could scarcely at the time have been an extreme feeling of dislike on the part of the narrator; and a woman given to the "little ways" which Mr. Froude and Miss Jewsbury condemn would not have accepted and repeated the story.

Without the friendship which has given rise to so much officious criticism, Carlyle's life would have been impoverished and stunted. Notwithstanding his humble birth and rustic training he was keenly sensible to refinement of character and manner, and his own demeanor, though not conventional, was gracious and on fit occasions courtly. He seemed to be on friendly terms with all the habitual visitors at the Grange, though they varied widely in character and circumstances. Among the number were Lord Lansdowne, Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, Lord Gran-

ville, Lord Canning, Lord Houghton, Lord Elcho, Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Twisleton, and Mr. Brookfield. Lord Aberdeen, whom Lord and Lady Ashburton greatly respected and esteemed, was, I believe, an occasional visitor. One of the oldest and most intimate friends of the family was Mr. Ellice, surnamed the bear, and the contrast between his cynical and prosaic sagacity and Carlyle's vaguely eloquent inspiration never impaired their mutual good understanding. Carried away by his own rapid flow of thought and language, Carlyle sometimes forgot whom he was addressing. I remember his quoting a real or apocryphal speech made by the elder Pitt to the Duke of Newcastle, in answer to a statement of the duke's that it was impossible to have a certain expedition ready at the required moment:—

"If," said the imperious secretary in Carlyle's version, "the money and the men are not ready on Thursday next at ten o'clock, your Grace's head shall roll at your Grace's feet." That [continued Carlyle in a tone of eloquent indignation] is the way to speak to an incapable minister.

At this point he remembered that he was thundering in the face of Mr. Sidney Herbert, then minister of war, and his ready apology ended in a good-humored laugh, in which they both heartily joined. I have heard Carlyle accuse himself of a still more untoward mistake of the same nature. He had once been expatiating on the miraculous effects of discipline as exhibited in a seventy-four-gun ship, manned by a rabble swept together in the old times by crimps and press-gangs:—

In a few months [Carlyle said] the ship has become a perfect machine, worked with undeviating regularity, and if she meets a Frenchman of her own size she blows her into atoms.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, whom he was addressing, may, perhaps, have been less placable than Mr. Sidney Herbert. At the Grange and elsewhere Carlyle engaged in frequent encounters with a friend in whose society he always delighted, a humorist like himself, though of a different type. When the prophet was most in earnest he was met by an apparently latitudinarian indifference to austere moral rules; and his consequent indignation only provoked still more ostentatious displays of ethical laxity. I have been often reminded by their contests of a match between a *secutor* and a *retiarus* in the arena. The fierce onslaught of the swordsman was again and again baffled and en-

tangled in the meshes of an ingenious sophism; and it was sometimes difficult to award the prize of victory. Carlyle had, perhaps, the best of it on an occasion when he was urging his friend to use his influence as a member of Parliament to effect some object which, as both agreed, was desirable. The member objected that he could do nothing, because his constituents took no interest in the matter.

Your constituents! [said the moralist]. Do you think that at the Day of Judgment, when you are asked why you did not perform this plain duty, it will be any answer to say that your constituents did not care? It will be you that will be damned, and not your constituents.

The contingency was, I believe, averted, as the task which Carlyle sought to impose on his friend was afterwards undertaken and successfully accomplished.

I had known Carlyle for some years before I first met him at the Grange, but it is, perhaps, because I knew him there best that the recently published descriptions of his character as harsh and gloomy have surprised me, as they have shocked his admirers, and created a general prejudice against his character. My recollections are of almost uniform geniality and of unflinching courtesy, though his cheerfulness might not be always undisturbed. Even his satirical epigrams were generally free from bitterness; and they often condensed some tenable view of a character into a few words. A laudatory conversation among some of the remaining guests after the visit of an eminent mechanical engineer to the Grange was summed up by Carlyle in the remark that "he seemed to be a clean, veracious smith." Many years before, as I walked away with him from a house where a friend whom he then loved above all others had discussed various topics in rapid succession, he said by way of comment, "He has the mind of a kangaroo." He liked and respected Cobden, and I think the repeal of the Corn Laws was the only legislative measure in which he at any time took a genuine interest, but becoming tired of the praises bestowed on the hero of the day after his great success, he once described him as "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium." Cobden's biographer has proved with superfluous cogency that the imputation was undeserved. The first Athenian who proposed to ostracise Aristides may perhaps have indulged in some similar epigram. It was in a conversation with Cob-

den himself, and under similar provocation, that Carlyle enunciated the well-known proposition, that the Americans had done nothing except that they had produced, with unexampled rapidity, eighteen millions of the greatest bores on the surface of this earth. In one of his letters to Emerson, who had gently remonstrated against his outrageous assertion, he graciously admits that there may perhaps be eighteen thousand Americans to whom the charge cannot fairly be applied. In all these cases he indulged his humorous propensity without thinking it necessary to cultivate either literal accuracy or dispassionate justice. The peevish harshness of the personal judgments which are unfortunately preserved in his "Reminiscences" were evidently products of sorrow and disease. No humorist or eloquent talker could be more inadequately represented by the quotation of a few sayings, accidentally and perhaps imperfectly remembered; for the most remarkable characteristic of Carlyle in conversation was spontaneous abundance of thought and language. He was not at his best in his occasional declamations against the vices of the age. It mattered little for social purposes that his denunciations were frequently unjust or exaggerated. It was a more serious drawback that he sometimes lashed himself into anger as he spoke, and that the patience of his hearers was tried, as well as his own temper. Lady Ashburton's tact and her well-deserved influence over the orator often averted the mischief. Her skill in turning the conversation usually sufficed to divert Carlyle's attention from the degeneracy of the age; and sometimes she recalled him in a moment to cheerfulness by a few words of extravagant parody delivered in his own accent and tone. I remember at least one instance in which Mrs. Carlyle interfered with equal success. While he was expatiating at unusual length on the paramount duty of silence, his wife, perhaps noticing or anticipating a smile on the face of some listener, touched him lightly on the arm. "Why," he said with momentary impatience, "do you touch me? But," he went on without a pause, relaxing into a pleasant laugh, "I know very well why you touched me, and you were quite right. I had much better practise silence than preach it." There was happily no danger of his conforming too strictly to his own precept. There could be no doubt that he occupied more than an average share of the conversation, or that he declined dis-

cussion and argument; but those who appreciated him were generally content to listen, if they were wise, and they had no desire to analyze or disprove his picturesque prophecies. Almost the only occasion on which I remember to have heard Carlyle engaged in an elaborate defence of his opinions or assertions was at a breakfast-party in London, against an opponent no less formidable than Lord Macaulay. The subject of dispute was the character of Henry Cromwell, whom Lord Macaulay described, in words quoted from Mrs. Hutchinson's "Memoirs," as "a deboshed cavalier." Carlyle maintained not only that the charge was unjust, but that Henry Cromwell was an able and upright statesman. Both disputants were equally vigorous and voluble; but, not pretending to have any independent opinion on the question, I observed that Carlyle referred to many contemporary authorities, while Lord Macaulay, at the end of every rhetorical period, invariably reverted to Mrs. Hutchinson and her deboshed cavalier. "I have read," Carlyle once answered, not without impatience, "all that that shrill female ever wrote, and I can assert that she knew nothing of Henry Cromwell. I have read every existing letter which she wrote, and all that is written about him, and know that he was not a deboshed cavalier." The only other speaker who intervened was Sir George Lewis, whose sceptical instinct never failed him. In answer to Carlyle's argument from the letters he suggested that Henry Cromwell, when he was lord deputy in Ireland, probably saved himself the trouble of writing, by merely signing letters written by his secretary. I forget whether Lord Macaulay accepted the aid of his unexpected ally. Mr. Trevelyan, I think, somewhere expresses regret that Lord Macaulay never appreciated the merits of some of his greatest contemporaries, especially of Carlyle. As usual in such cases, the neglect or distaste was reciprocal. Little as Carlyle liked interruption or contradiction, he was always ready to recognize in his turn any happy remark or appropriate anecdote, and he had the great merit of being a hearty laugher. He sometimes derived extreme amusement from the most extravagant forms of humor. In two or three days he repeated a dozen or a score of times, with bursts of unextinguishable laughter, a story which he had, I think, heard from Mr. Tennyson, of some Scotch gentlemen who in the good old times had a three-days' bout of steady drinking. Late on

the third day one of the party, pointing to another, said to his neighbor, "The laird looks unco gash." "Gash!" was the answer, "he may weel look gash, as he has been deid these twa days." I heard the story for the last time as we came away from a house where he had been dining, and Carlyle must have surprised his fellow passengers in a Chelsea omnibus which he entered before he had done laughing.

The substance of Carlyle's most pessimist harangues was luckily not such as to offend the feelings or prejudices of his hearers. It was not difficult to bear with equanimity the announcement that the human race, and especially the English nation, were sinking lower and lower into perdition. Community or universality of guilt and of wretchedness has a tendency to mitigate both remorse and alarm; and the occupation of listening to a witty and eloquent discourse among agreeable company in a pleasant drawing-room was not profoundly depressing. Carlyle never concerned himself with party politics; and in his later years he had become to a great extent reconciled to existing ecclesiastical arrangements. When I first knew him he was in the habit of anticipating with much complacency the early collapse of the Church of England. I remember a parable which he related in answer to a remark that great energy was at that time shown in building and restoring churches.

When [he said] I lived in Annandale, it was well known that any farmer who was about to become bankrupt, was sure to appear at Dumfries fair in a pair of new top-boots. The poor old Church of England is now putting on her new boots.

About the same time he paid a visit, which is mentioned in one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, to the Bishop of St. David's, at Abergwili. Bishop Thirlwall, whose "hard, grey mind," as Lady Ashburton happily called it, was relieved by a strong vein of sarcastic humor, complained to a friend of the difficulty which he had felt in asking any of his neighbors to meet Carlyle. "I was certain," he said, "that none of them had ever heard his name, and that they would all identify him with Richard Carille" (an obscure publisher who used to be frequently prosecuted for profane libels), "and I thought," continued the bishop, "that Carlyle's conversation would tend to confirm the impression."

Long afterwards he reconsidered his

early judgment, and in spite of his odd mixture of Calvinistic habits of thought with extremely heretical opinions, he often declared that the Church of England had more to say for itself than any other religions organization. Even at the date of the "Latter-day Pamphlets" he had begun to regard bishops with toleration. "A bishop," he writes, "is at least a gentleman."

I am not aware how far his personal liking for Bishop Wilberforce may have affected his judgment. They suited one another well, whenever they met at the Grange or elsewhere. Once they were seen riding together up Portland Place on their way to an Islington dog-show, the bishop in his proper costume, and Carlyle in his well-known slouched hat.

One of the principal elements in Carlyle's unequalled eloquence as a talker, was a vivid, and almost stereoscopic, imagination. Every circumstance which he mentioned, every object which he described, seemed to be immediately present before his eyes. It has been well said of Dante that he could record the wonders of hell and purgatory and heaven, "because he has been there." The same apparent reliance on actual vision may be observed in Carlyle's writings, but it was perhaps still more conspicuous in his conversation. In his daily rides he constantly called the attention of a companion to common rural sights, affixing to an animal, or a crop, or a cottage, some description or exhaustive epithet which remained long in the memory. He was never more agreeable than on such occasions, in the absence of all causes of excitement. It often happened that something which he saw reminded him of his own border country, and of the unequalled virtue and wisdom which he attributed to its inhabitants as he knew them in his youth. One of his favorites was an Ecclefechan blacksmith who, having once agreed to buy a plot of ground, refused to complete his purchase when he found that it was a leasehold, with only nine hundred and ninety-nine years to run. "Wha," said the indignant smith, "is to have it after me?" Another remarkable gift which Carlyle possessed was that of lucid arrangement of facts and arguments. In a ride near the Grange with Carlyle and Twisleton, one of us asked him, with reference to a recently published volume, whether Frederick the Great had, according to the law of the Empire, a valid title to some petty territory which he claimed, and probably occupied with his troops.

He replied in a narrative which may have lasted for an hour, including an account of all the pedigrees, the imperial grants, the family compacts, and the other elements of the controversy; and although the question was one of secondary interest, neither of his hearers was impatient or weary. In my case, professional experience perhaps quickened the appreciation of a statement which resembled the summing-up of a complicated litigation by Austin, Thesiger, or Cockburn, or some other great master of forensic exposition. The historical episode was itself so unimportant that it is, I believe, not mentioned in the published life of Frederick. He often expressed in conversation, as in his letters, his impatience of the labor of his last great work. The task was the more irksome because he never thoroughly sympathized with his hero; his fatigue and his partial distaste for the subject account for the disproportionate haste with which he huddles up in a few pages the history of Frederick's reign from the end of the Seven Years' War to his death.

Among many advantages which Carlyle derived from his entrance into the society at Bath House and the Grange was the partial or total dissipation of many personal prejudices. In his earlier writings he had attacked and ridiculed Sir Robert Peel under the absurd nickname of Sir Jabez Windbag. His judgment had been formed in almost total ignorance, for he was not even a diligent reader of newspapers. I never met Sir Robert Peel, for my acquaintance with Lord and Lady Ashburton only began shortly before his death; but he had been their frequent visitor, and he unbent with unusual ease in their home. I often heard from both of them, and their accounts were confirmed by Carlyle, of his pleasantness, his gaiety, and his amusing stories. Personal knowledge had the effect of thoroughly converting Carlyle, who from that time to the end of his life fully appreciated the wisdom and integrity of the former object of his lampoons. I happened long afterwards to see, though I was not within hearing, a less complete reconciliation of the same kind. Lord Palmerston, during his last administration, was placed at a dinner-party at Bath House on the opposite side from Carlyle of a large round table. While Carlyle was engaged in animated talk, Lord Palmerston leant forward and listened, and, as if unwilling to be interrupted, he gave a short negative answer to his neighbor's inquiry whether he had ever met Mr. Car-

lyle before. Before the party had been five minutes in the drawing-room, Lord Palmerston and Carlyle were in close conversation, and it might be inferred from Carlyle's repeated bursts of laughter, that Lord Palmerston's conversation was highly amusing. I do not suppose that his stories or his jokes threw much light on his past or future policy; but I should be surprised to find that from that time forward Carlyle continued his attacks on the minister. A third interview of the same character was more deliberately contrived three or four years ago. A common friend was anxious to bring Carlyle and Lord Beaconsfield for the first and last time together. The diplomatic adroitness of the lady who projected and executed the arduous undertaking has never been equalled in a similar transaction since Boswell induced Johnson to meet Wilkes at Mr. Dilly's dinner-table. The objection was not on Lord Beaconsfield's part, though he had, together with his great rival, been fiercely denounced by Carlyle in his pamphlet of "Shooting Niagara." With a generous disregard of personal resentments, Mr. Disraeli, soon after his accession to office in 1874, offered Carlyle, in a letter which is said to have been a model of good taste and good feeling, the high and unusual honor of the Grand Cross of the Bath. Carlyle had probably no ill-will to Lord Beaconsfield, but he was disturbed by the prospect of meeting a stranger. At last, to please a friend whom he justly valued, he consented that an appointment should be made; but at the last moment he sent a message to say that he was unable to come. By vigorous measures the final difficulty was overcome, and the two veterans had a friendly conversation. When they parted Carlyle made a courteous speech to the effect that if he had known Lord Beaconsfield earlier he might perhaps have omitted certain things which he had written.

Carlyle saw Lady Ashburton for the last time in 1856. In the autumn of that year she left England for Nice, where she was attacked by a fatal illness, and she died at Paris on her way home in the following May. During the early part of the illness I was on a visit to Lord and Lady Ashburton at Nice, and before I left them a famous physician, who came from London to see her, declared that her case was hopeless. The cheerful courage with which she received his sentence was not sustained by any such doubt of the event as that which Carlyle, as he says, persuaded himself to entertain. On my re-

turn to England, when I confirmed the information which he had already received, I was surprised and interested by his refusal to believe the warning. He burst out in a violent invective against the ill-boding physician, whom he declared to be the most incapable member of his profession. He had taken the trouble to confirm his unfavorable judgment by a large collection of illustrative but doubtful facts. Sir A. B. had mistaken the nature of Lady C.'s illness; Lady D. had recovered after he had declared her case to be hopeless; and by his improper treatment he had killed Mrs. E. It was touching to observe Carlyle's determination to prove to himself rather than to me a foregone conclusion which he must have known to be unsound. If the delinquent doctor had been really wrong in his latest prognostication, he would have been welcome, as far as Carlyle was concerned, to perpetrate a thousand blunders to the injury of his other patients. I sent to Lady Ashburton an accurate report of the conversation, in just confidence that she would understand Carlyle's pathetic perversity. Lord Ashburton told me in answer that she was delighted with Carlyle's new proof of affection, and that she laughed with all her former heartiness at the form which his feelings assumed. It was satisfactory to know that she retained her buoyancy of spirit to the last. One of her oldest friends told me at the funeral that he had seen her the week before her death in Paris, and that he had never known her more animated or more amusing.

Her death, though it must have been a heavy blow to Carlyle, made no change in his relations with her survivors. His friendship with Lord Ashburton became, if possible, warmer than before, and both he and his wife continued an intimacy which they had formed with Lady Ashburton's mother, the Dowager Lady Sandwich. Mrs. Carlyle writes on her death four or five years afterwards:—

Nobody will believe the loss Lady Sandwich is to us. They say "a woman of eighty, that is not to be regretted." But her intimate friends know that this woman of eighty was the most charming companion and the loyalest, warmest friend; was the only person in London or in the world that Mr. C. went regularly to see. Twice a week he went to call on her; and now his horse makes for her house whenever he gets into the region of Grosvenor Square, and does not see or understand the escutcheon that turns me sick as I drive past.

When Lord Ashburton after a due interval married again, and the former

society reassembled with fresh additions, both Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle were once more frequent and welcome guests. The new mistress of the house at once accepted them as family friends, and as she learned to know him more intimately she fully appreciated and valued Carlyle's high qualities and extraordinary gifts. Mrs. Carlyle's letters furnish many proofs of her grateful attachment, and of the pleasure which she derived from the connection. The air of the Grange now became the healthiest in the world; and the Addiscombe butter transcended in excellence even the supplies which she received from her husband's family in the north. Unfortunately, even before the circle was broken up by Lord Ashburton's death in 1863, Mrs. Carlyle's sufferings often incapacitated her for social pleasure.

In spite [she writes after one of her last visits] of the pure air and beauties of the Grange and of Lady Ashburton's superhuman kindness, I had no enjoyment of anything all the three weeks we stayed.

Carlyle and his wife felt equally the loss, by the premature death of the master, of what had become a second home.

We dread now [writes Mrs. Carlyle] that the next post will bring the news of our dear Lord Ashburton's death. Carlyle will lose in him the only friend he has left in the world, and the world will lose in him one of the purest-hearted, most chivalrous men that it contained. There are no words for such a misfortune.

During the short remainder of her life the kindness of which she speaks never flagged; and the same constant and generous friend did all that was possible to alleviate the gloom of Carlyle's solitary age. The publicity which has been given to invidious gossip on the subject of Carlyle's social relations must serve as my excuse for recounting details which may perhaps tend to counteract erroneous impressions. There are many instances in literary history of kindly and beneficent relations between men of genius and hospitable or serviceable friends; but I know of no case in which such an intimacy produced so much happiness as that which united Carlyle with Lord Ashburton and his family. The wife who has of late become the object of so much officious compassion would have missed some of her best and pleasantest experience if she had not shared to a great extent the opportunities of her husband. If the personal interest which he felt and inspired sometimes provoked her to groundless jealousy, she might probably have suffered

as much if his spirits had been additionally depressed and his temper soured by restriction to less congenial society, and by the unbroken monotony of a frugal home.

Carlyle's belief that his wife was equal or superior in literary power to such writers as Mme. de Sévigné and George Eliot was a fond illusion; but she had the peculiar gift, which distinguishes genuine letter-writers, of creating an interest in her own character, and in circumstances and persons otherwise insignificant and unknown. As Cowper has preserved the memory of a few commonplace friends and of the most uneventful of lives, Mrs. Carlyle may, perhaps unconsciously, have rescued from oblivion the names of her friends and kindred, and even the details of her household affairs: but the same result might have been produced if only a few specimens had been given of her more squalid troubles. Her incessant conflicts with "mutinous maids of all work," as Carlyle designates the class, have the merit of illustrating both her untiring energy and her wholesome sympathy with fellow-creatures, even when they annoyed her most. It is instructive to learn from the letters which acknowledge consignments of farm produce from the north, that eggs ought to be packed so as not to touch one another; and that thrifty managers cut fowls into four parts, to serve for as many meals; but two or three letters on such subjects would have fully satisfied reasonable curiosity. Repeated discoveries of obnoxious insects, minute accounts of illness and of medical remedies, might have been largely curtailed, or by preference omitted. Complaints, however just, of the neglect of her husband, and of his blindness to her sufferings, ought for more urgent reasons to have been suppressed. Mr. Froude says, in the preface to the "Reminiscences":—

Carlyle warned me that before they [the letters] were published they would require anxious revision. Written with the unreserve of confidential communications, they contained anecdotes, allusions, reflections, expressions of opinion and feeling which were intended obviously for no eye save that of the person to whom they were addressed. . . . He left me at last with discretion to destroy the whole of them, should I find the task of discrimination too intricate a problem.

The author of a recent biography replied to a charge of indiscretion in the spirit of Clive's famous apology, that if his critic had known what he suppressed he would have appreciated his prudent mod-

eration. Perhaps Mr. Froude may have been equally scrupulous; but the passages which he has not deemed fit for publication must be strangely outspoken. Mr. Froude may possibly have learned from some of the criticisms on the letters the questionable expediency of taking all the world into the secret of the narrow and bitter troubles of a single household. It is hard on men of genius and other eminent benefactors of mankind that their domestic relations and failings should be exceptionally exposed to the glare of publication. If Carlyle was not sufficiently considerate of the feelings of his wife, discomforts and drawbacks to perfect happiness may be found in many families. If all cupboards were thrown open and all skeletons disclosed, the victims of biography would only participate equally with their neighbors in universal discomfort and scandal. At present their foibles and faults are placed for public inspection under a magnifying-glass, while the obscure multitude escapes the observation of strangers.

For many years after their settlement in London there is no trace in Mrs. Carlyle's letters of alienation or discontent. As far as casual observers could judge, their bearing to one another seemed to be affectionate and easy. During one of many evening visits at Cheyne Row, Carlyle had, as was not unusual, declaimed on some subject which interested him for a considerable time. During a pause, Mrs. Carlyle broke into the conversation with an anecdote about some extremely minute domestic adventure which had occurred to her kettle, or her coal-scuttle, or perhaps her carpet. As her animation seemed disproportionate to the subject-matter, I was a little surprised, and Carlyle said, in a tone of mild remonstrance,—

"How can you suppose that V. will care for your coal-scuttle?" "I don't suppose," she replied, "that he will care for my coal-scuttle. I don't want him to care for my coal-scuttle. But you have been talking without stopping for two hours, and I am determined to say something myself.

He laughed gently at her just accusation, and probably the story of the coal-scuttle proceeded no farther. As long as a man and his wife can make little jokes at one another's expense, there can, I think, be no irremediable alienation.

She seems, during the greater part of her life, to have had no intimate or confidential correspondent except Carlyle himself. She addresses him, when one or

both are absent from home, with confident affection and often with playfulness. Her economies and contrivances become interesting in her descriptions, and her occasional judgments on men and books are, with hardly an exception, sagacious and sound. She sends a cousin autographs for which, as she asserts, "a Yankee would almost give a dollar apiece — entire characteristic letters from Pickwick, Lytton Bulwer, and Alfred Tennyson; the last the greatest genius of the three, though the vulgar public have not yet recognized him for such." At the date of the letter the poems by which Mr. Tennyson first became universally known had only been published the year before, while Dickens and Bulwer were at the height of popularity and fame. Although, like her husband, she had a profound regard for John Sterling, she thanks Mr. John Forster for "having done for 'Strafford'" (a tragedy of Sterling's).

I have told him all along that it was poor stuff, and had better not see the light, or at least have the light see it. But no, it was a great and glorious work! in its author's opinion, and I and all who failed to recognize it as such were blinded with envy, or some other of the evil passions.

Sterling would, if health and opportunity had permitted, have been a great orator, but his poetical and dramatic faculties were imitative and weak. The only line which I remember in "Strafford" was not inconsistent with Mrs. Carlyle's judgment: —

For there is thunder in the name of Pym.

Mrs. Carlyle even ventured to form an independent opinion of almost the only writer of his time whom Carlyle consistently admired.

There was [she tells her husband] a letter last night from E. — too much of Emerson; "likes him better than he did." In reply to my charge that Emerson had no ideas except mad ones, that he hadn't got out of you, E. answers prettily, "But pray, Mrs. Carlyle, who has?"

She never, after early youth, was a great reader; but she had natural insight, and she thought for herself. In practical matters her sound judgment was seldom biassed by personal predilections. Mazzini, for whom she had a warm and lasting regard, once came to inform her that he was the next week going to Italy either in secret, or on board an Austrian frigate which he could, as he thought, persuade to revolt. Mrs. Carlyle asked him if he

meant to overthrow the Austrian Empire and the general peace of Europe; and she answered his simple question, "Why not?" by telling him that a schoolboy who uttered such nonsense, and proceeded to put it into practical shape, would be whipped and expelled as a mischievous blockhead.

Some of the most interesting letters in the collection describe Mrs. Carlyle's visit to her few remaining relatives at Liverpool and in Scotland. One touching and graceful narrative or extract from a journal records a visit to her native town of Haddington. She saw

the schoolhouse where myself had been "Dux," the playground, "the boolin' green," and so on to the church gate, which, so soon as my guide had unlocked for me, I told him he might wait, that I needed him no further. . . . His (her father's) grave looked old, old; was surrounded by nettles; the inscription all over moss, except two lines which had been recently cleaned — by whom? The old ruin knew, and could not tell me. . . . Our pew looked to have been never new lined since we occupied it; the green cloth has become all white from age. I looked at it in the dim twilight till I almost fancied I saw my beautiful mother in her old corner, and myself, a bright-looking girl, in the other. . . . Leaving the lanes I now went boldly through the streets, the thick black veil, put on for the occasion, thrown back; I was getting confident that I might have ridden like Lady Godiva through Haddington with impunity as far as recognition went. . . . Passing a cooper's shop, which I once had the run of, I stepped in, and bought two little quaighs; then in the character of travelling Englishwomen suddenly seized with an unaccountable passion for wooden dishes, I questioned the cooper as to the past and present of his town. . . . "Dr. Welsh's death was the worst loss ever came to the place," that myself "went away to England and died there," adding a handsome enough tribute to my memory. "Yes, Miss Welsh, he remembered her famously, used to think her the tastiest young lady in the whole place; but she was very — not just to call proud — very reserved in her company." In leaving this man I felt more than ever like my own ghost.

The next morning arriving before the sexton, who was to open the churchyard gate, she climbed over the wall

some seven feet high, I should think, and dropped safe on the inside — a feat I should never have imagined to try in any actual phase, not even with a mad bull at my heels, if I had not trained myself to it at a more elastic age.

An old townsman, whom she afterwards met in the railway carriage, asked: —

Was it you who got over the churchyard

wall this morning? I saw a strange lady climb the wall, and I said to myself, that's Jeannie Welsh! No other woman would climb the wall instead of going in at the gate. Are you Jeannie Welsh? [Two other railway passengers] had not a conception of its being me, till they saw me smiling. "Eh, sirs," said my mother's old nurse to her after a separation of twenty years, "there's no a featur o' ye left but just the bit smile."

She wrote and then tore up a letter with a full account of her visit; and afterwards

I wrote a note to Mr. Carlyle, a compromise betwixt "all about feelings" and the new silent system of the prisons.

His note on the touching history of her visit is:—

This is a very interesting little narrative, discovered by me the other day. I had never heard of it before.

In the course of the same journey she saw at Edinburgh her own old nurse, described by Carlyle as "one of the venerablest and most faithful of women. I never saw such perfection of attachment, and doubt if it exists elsewhere."

In an account of a later visit Mrs. Carlyle gives a pleasant illustration of the good old woman's affectionate piety. She consoled herself for the dangers to which the traveller was exposed by the reflection that "He can take care of my bairn, even on the railway." Her faith, happily for herself, prevailed over the difficulty of believing that Omnipotence itself could overcome apparent impossibilities.

Those who take pleasure in discovering and disclosing the failings of men of genius have had no difficulty in proving that Carlyle was extraordinarily unobservant. There may, perhaps, be other wives who will recognize the justice of Mrs. Carlyle's reasonable complaints, but they will not be astonished or shocked by the description of a husband who is

so wishful to get away, and so incapable of determining where to go and when to go, that living beside him had been like living the life of a weathercock in a high wind blowing from all points at once, sensibility superadded. . . . The imaginary homes in different parts of the kingdom . . . would have driven me crazy, I think, if one day I hadn't got desperate, and burst out crying. Until a woman cries, men never think she can be suffering—bless their blockheadism! However, when I cried and declared that I was not strong enough for all that any more, Mr. C. opened his eyes to the fact.

One of Carlyle's many censors remarks
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in aggravation of his guilt that he prided himself on his penetration and knowledge of character. It is true that he generally formed an accurate judgment of the moral and intellectual qualities of acquaintances and strangers, and that he was one of the acutest and most accurate of physiognomists. I may add that in my experience, which referred to the most cheerful period of his life, he displayed little of the harshness which, as exhibited in the "Reminiscences," resulted from infirm health and habitual melancholy. His occasional remarks on the foibles of those around him often expressed sympathetic amusement. On other occasions the very extravagance of his invective showed that it was rather fanciful than earnest. His keen sagacity was compatible with blamable dulness in perceiving or understanding personal and domestic difficulties. His critics must have been fortunate in their experience, if this, like the other faults which they denounce, seems to them peculiar to Carlyle. Some of the most unselfish of men are born with an innate incapacity of distinguishing the symptoms of illness, as others never learn in lifelong companionship to understand the characters of those with whom they are most closely connected. Dulness of mental vision is a misfortune rather than a crime. Carlyle may be called selfish so far as he was unable to go out of himself, but there is no proof that at any time of his life he deliberately preferred his own gratification to the health and happiness of his wife. The painful impression which is undoubtedly produced by some letters which might well have been suppressed, is in some degree relieved by the proofs of perfect reconciliation which abound in the last period of their life together. She never resented his awkward delay in buying her a brougham, and she could scarcely have anticipated the posthumous sympathy of gossiping intruders who undertake retrospectively to regulate the details of her household and her stable. His fault with respect to this transaction consisted in not understanding that she wished the purchase to be made by him, and not by herself.

It was in vain [he writes] that I said (what was the exact truth), "No wife in England deserves better to have a brougham from her husband, or is worthier to drive in it. Why won't you go and buy one at once?"

Conscientious reviewers pounce on his misconception, and some of them hold him responsible for an accident with an

omnibus when her horse was lame and when Carlyle with great difficulty persuaded her to drive in a hired brougham twice a week. About the same time to which their gratuitous criticism relates she writes to her sister-in-law, —

I cannot tell you how gentle and good Mr. Carlyle is.

Sometimes his over-busy solicitude is gently reproved: —

Don't be bothering, making plans embracing me. The chief good of a holiday for a man is just that he should have shaken off home cares — the foremost of these a wife. Consider that for the present summer you have nothing to do with me, but write me nice daily letters and pay my bills.

Her last letters of all recall her wearing anxiety when he had to speak at Edinburgh, and her overwhelming triumph in his success. She tells Carlyle how she went to the Royal Institution to see Mr. Tyndall, one of the kindest and most useful friends of Carlyle's later years. "It is," as she innocently fancies, "the event of Tyndall's life." As she came away she noticed for the first time officials hurrying about, and she asked with surprise if there was to be lecturing there to-day. There is one letter more. "The last words her hand ever wrote! Why should I tear my heart by reading them so often?" She little thought that strangers would make it their business to assail through her her husband's memory by resuscitating the neglects and misunderstandings which she had long forgiven. It would have been better that defects of temper and superficial dissensions should never have become subjects of public discussion; but the mischief which has been done, though it can neither be revoked nor repaired, may perhaps be in some small degree mitigated by a protest from one who knew them both.

G. S. VENABLES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FLEURETTE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD spent some years in the colonies, doctoring diggers and the like rough-and-ready folks. The novelty of the strange scenes and free-and-easy life had at last worn off, and I found myself sighing for the respectability of broadcloth and a settled position in my profession. Aided somewhat by thrift, and more by a for-

tunate land speculation, I had money enough to supply my wants for a few years to come; so I returned to England, resolved to beat out a practice somewhere.

Of course, the first person I went to see was John. He was my brother — my only brother, — indeed, the one tie I had to England. We were a couple of orphans, but pretty sturdy ones withal, and well able to wrestle with the world. Fortunately, our father lived until his eldest son was of an age to carry on his snug country practice; so John still occupied the old red-brick house in the main street of the little town of Dalebury, the same brass plate on the door doing duty for him as for his father before him.

I found old John — so his closest friends ever called him — little changed: rather graver in mien, perhaps, but with the same honest eyes and kindly smile, winning at once the confidence, and soon the love, of men and women. As we clasped hands and looked in each other's faces, we knew that the years which had made men of us had only deepened our boyish love.

It was pleasant, very pleasant for a wanderer like myself to find such a welcome awaiting him. It was good to sit once more in that cosy old room and talk with John late into the night, discussing all that had happened since last we sat there. I had many questions to ask. Dalebury is only a little town. Having been born and bred there, I knew all the inhabitants. I had not been abroad long enough to forget old friends, so I plied John with many inquiries as to the fate of one or another. After a while I asked, —

"Who lives now in the old house at the corner — where the Tanners lived once?"

"A widow lady and her daughter, named Dorvaux."

"French I suppose, from the name?"

"No, I believe not. Her late husband was French; but as far as I have learned, Mrs. Dorvaux is an Englishwoman."

"New-comers! They must be quite an acquisition to Dalebury. Are they pleasant people?"

"I don't know, — at least, I only know the daughter. She is very beautiful," added John, with something very much like a sigh.

My quick ears caught the suspicious sound. Could I be on the eve of an interesting discovery?

"Very beautiful, is she? And what may her Christian name be?"

"Fleurette — Fleurette," replied John,

repeating the soft French name, and lingering upon it as though it were sweet to his lips, like wine.

Then he changed the conversation, and far away we drifted from beautiful maidens and musical names as I recounted some of my colonial exploits, — how I had treated strange accidents, out-of-the-way diseases, ghastly gunshot wounds; till our talk became purely professional, and without cheerfulness or interest for the laity.

I spent the next day in looking up old friends and neighbors. I had brought money back with me, — not very much, it is true, but rumor had been kind enough to magnify the amount, so every one was glad to see me. Mind, I don't say this cynically; I only mean that, leaving the nuisance of appeals to the pocket, for old sake's sake, out of the question, all must feel greater pleasure at seeing a rolling stone come back fairly coated with moss than scraped bare. So all my old friends made much of me, and I wondered why the world in general should be accused of forgetfulness.

Whilst I was at one house, another visitor entered, and I was introduced to Miss Dorvaux. As I heard her name, the recollection of my grave brother's midnight sigh made me look at her intently and curiously — more so, I fear, than politeness allowed.

Now you must decide for yourself as to whether Fleurette Dorvaux was beautiful. When I say, candidly, only one person in the world admires her more than I do, only one person is her more devoted slave than I am, I confess myself a partial witness, whose testimony carries little weight. But to my eyes that day Fleurette appeared this. About twenty years of age; scarcely middle height, but with a dainty, rounded figure; brunette, with dark brown eyes, long black lashes, making those eyes look darker, — such black eyebrows and such black hair! nose, mouth, and chin as perfect as could be: such a bright, bonny, lively little woman! Not, I decided at first, the wife for a hard-working, sober doctor like John Penn.

Stay — is the girl so bright, so lively, after all? On her entry she had greeted my friends with a gay laugh and merry words, emphasized with vivacious little French gestures, and for a few minutes she was all life and sunshine. She seemed interested when she heard my name, and with easy grace began talking to me thoughtfully and sensibly. As she talked, something in her manner told me that life

was not all sweetness to her. At times her bright brown eyes looked even grave and serious, and the smile, ever on her lips as she spoke, softened to a pensive smile. The first impression she made on me, the idea that she was only a brilliant little butterfly thing, left me, and I hastened to atone mentally for the wrong I had done her, thinking, I am for once mistaken; the girl has plenty of sense, and, likely enough will and purpose in that pretty head of hers. However, grave or gay, wise or foolish, I saw in Fleurette Dorvaux a beautiful girl, and pictured woe for many a youth in Dalebury.

After John had seen the last of his patients that night, he joined me in the old room, and with a bottle of good wine between us, I said, —

"I saw your beautiful Miss Dorvaux to-day."

John started as he heard her name, but made no reply; so I determined to learn all that was to be learned.

It was a very easy task. Old John had never yet been able to keep a secret from me — it may be, he never meant to keep this. Anyway, in a short time I had the whole history of his love.

Fleurette and her mother came to Dalebury some twelve months ago, and John, whose heart had been proof against all local charms, had at once surrendered. There was something in the girl so different from all others. Her beauty, her gracefulness, even her pretty little foreign ways, had taken him by storm; and as far as I can judge from the symptoms he described, his case was very soon as desperate as that of a boy of twenty. It may be, the very strength of the constitution which had so long defied love made the fever rage more fiercely. Yet, severe as the attack was, the cure seemed easy enough. He had a comfortable home and a good income to be shared; so he set to work seriously to win Fleurette's love. All seemed going on as well as could be wished; the girl appeared happy in his society, and, if she showed him no tangible marks of preference, pleased and flattered by his attentions. Yet at last, when he asked her to be his wife, she refused him — sweetly and sadly, it is true, but nevertheless firmly refused him.

Now although I being four years younger, and, moreover, his brother, chose to laugh at John — call him grave, sober, and old — you must understand this is all in jest and by way of good-fellowship, and that John Penn was a man any girl should be proud of winning. He was no hero, or

genius, or anything of that sort; but then most of us move among ordinary men and women, and only know heroes, heroines, and geniuses, as we know princes and dukes, by name. He was a clever, hard-working doctor, with a good provincial practice. Modesty deters me from saying much about his personal appearance, as the world sees a strong likeness between us. I will only say he was tall and well-built, and carried in his face a certain look of power, which right-minded women like to see with men who seek their love. His age was something over thirty. Our family was good and our name unsullied. What could have induced Fleurette Dorvaux to reject him? Beautiful she might be; but the times are mercenary, and beautiful girls don't win the love of a man like John every day in the week.

Although John told me all about it in a cynical sort of way, which sat upon him as badly as another man's coat might, he could not conceal from me how deeply wounded he was — how disappointed — and how intense had been his love for the girl. As he finished his recital I grasped his hand, saying, with the assurance of one who has seen much life, —

"Hard work is the best antidote, and you seem to have plenty of that — you will forget all about it in time, old fellow."

"I don't think I shall. I feel like a man who, having been kept in twilight all his life, is shown the sun for an hour, and then again put back into twilight. He will forget the sun no more than I shall forget Fleurette."

"She seemed to me such a sweet girl," I said doubtfully.

"She is perfect," said John. "You have seen nothing of her as yet. Wait until you can fathom the depths of thought and feeling under that bright exterior. Then you will say I was not wrong in loving her as I did — as I do even now."

"Has any one else won her? Was that the reason she refused you?"

"No one. She loves me, and me only."

"What do you mean?" I asked greatly surprised.

"That evening when she told me firmly and decisively she would never marry me — never could marry me, — even whilst I said mad, cruel words to her, I saw love in her tearful eyes. And when, forgetting all, I held her and kissed her once, and once only, I felt her lips linger on mine. Then she broke away and fled; but I know such a woman as Fleurette Dorvaux would not suffer a man's kiss unless she

loved him. She wrote me a few lines the next day, telling me it could not be, begging me not even to ask her why. Since then she shuns me, and all is at an end; so please talk no more about it."

Here was a nice complication! Here was a knot to untie! John refused by a girl who loved him! I own I was glad to hear him assert his belief in her love, as, somehow, it pained me to think of Fleurette sporting with a man's heart. Although, as I told you, I determined, at first, that she was not the right wife for John, I had soon recanted, and thought now how she would light up the old house, and how happy John would be with such a bright little woman to greet him when he returned of an evening weary and fagged. So I resolved to see all I could of Fleurette, to study her, and if I found her as good as John said, to use my skill in untying the knot and smoothing the strands of their lives. I never doubted my ability to arrange the matter. I had always been an able family diplomatist. Had I not, at New Durham, brought Roaring Tom Mayne back to his faithful but deserted wife, and seen them commence life together again with courage and contentment? Had I not made those two old friends and partners, who for some time had been prowling about with revolvers in their pockets, hoping to get a snap shot at each other, shake hands, and, eventually, left them working a new claim together? Had I not stopped pretty Polly Smith from running away with that scamp Dick Long, who had two or three wives already, somewhere up country? In fact, so successful had I been in arranging other people's affairs, that it seemed to an experienced hand like myself an easy matter to place John and Fleurette on a proper footing.

Dalebury is a very little town. Its enemies even call it a village; but as we boast of a mayor and a corporation, we can afford to treat their sneers with contempt. Different people may hold different opinions as to whether life is pleasanter in large cities or small towns; but at any rate, one advantage a small place like Dalebury offers is, that everybody knows everything about every one else. You cannot hide a farthing rushlight under a bushel. So if anybody has anything to keep secret, don't let him pitch his tent in Dalebury.

With the universal knowledge of one's neighbors' affairs pervading the Dalebury atmosphere, it is not strange that the first person I chose to ask hastened to give

me all the information respecting the Dorvaux that Dalebury had as yet been able to acquire. Mrs. Dorvaux was a widow; not rich, but, it was supposed, fairly well off: she was a great invalid, and rarely or never went out. Appearing to dislike society, she received no one, and scarcely any one knew her. Those with whom she had been brought in contact stated she was a quiet, ladylike woman, who spoke very little. It was not known from whence they had come — probably France; but this was only conjecture, and the absence of certainty rather distressed Dalebury. They kept only one servant, an old woman, who had been with them many years. Fleurette had made many friends, and, it seemed, few, if any, enemies. She did not go out much, being devoted to her invalid mother; but every one was glad of her company when she chose to give it. Altogether, Dalebury had nothing to say against the new-comers — a fact speaking volumes in their favor.

After this, as we were such near neighbors, I used frequently to encounter Fleurette, and would often join her and walk with her. Whether she knew that John's secret was mine, I could not say, but she met my friendly advances half-way. The more I saw of her, the more I wondered how I could have thought her so lively and gay. Whatever she might seem to others, there was, to me at least, a vein of thoughtful sadness in the girl's character — at times I even fancied it approached to despondency; and I felt almost angry with her, knowing that a turn of her finger would bring one of the best fellows in England to her feet. We met old John once or twice as we were walking together. Fleurette cast down her long lashes and simply bowed.

"Of course you know my brother well?" I said.

"I have often met him," answered Fleurette calmly.

"And you like him, I hope?"

"I like Dr. Penn very much," she replied simply.

"He is the best fellow and the best brother in the world," I said; and then I told Fleurette what we had been to each other as boys: how John had been as careful of me as the mother who was dead might have been — how we loved each other now; and as I spoke, I saw a blush on her clear brown cheek, and although she said nothing, her eyes when they next met mine were wistful and kind.

I shall soon make it all right, I thought, as I noted her look, and resolved to argue the matter on the first fitting occasion.

There is a little river — a tributary to a large one — running through Dalebury. Being too shallow for navigation, it is not of much use except as a water supply, and for angling. Still, one who knows it can get a boat with a light draught a long way up. One afternoon, thinking a little exercise would do me good, I procured such a boat, and started to row up as far as I could, and drift leisurely back with the current. For some distance on one side of the stream are rich, fertile meadows; and the path along the bank, through these meadows, is a favorite walk with the Dalebury folk. As I paddled my boat up the stream, guiding its course by the old landmarks, which came fresh to my memory as though I were a boy yet, and startling the water-rats, descendants of those amongst whom John and I made such havoc years ago, I saw in front of me on the river-bank the dainty little figure of Fleurette. As I looked at her over my shoulder, I could see she was walking slowly, with her head bent down, as one in thought. Thinking of John and her own folly, perhaps, I said. So preoccupied was she, that the sound of my oars did not attract her attention until I was close to her. Then, seeing who it was, she waited whilst I rowed to the bank on which she stood.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Dorvaux," I said; "if you will step into my boat, I will row you as far as the shallows will let me, and then back home."

Fleurette hesitated. "Thank you, Mr. Penn; I think I prefer strolling along the river-bank."

"In that case I shall tie my boat to this willow-stump, and, with your permission, walk with you. But you had far better come with me: the boat is quite safe, and I have not forgotten my cunning."

"I am not afraid of that," said the girl, stepping lightly into the stern of the boat; whilst I thought, here is the chance to reason and expostulate, and doubted little that my arguments would let me bring Fleurette back ready to accept her fate. Well, pride goeth before a fall!

Yet for a while I said nothing to my companion. I did not even look at her. Poor little Fleurette! I saw, as soon as we met, that tears were on those dark lashes. The smile on her lip belied them, but the tears were there, nevertheless. So I waited for them to disappear before

I talked to her, although I half suspected my words might bring others to replace the vanishing drops.

Presently Fleurette cried, in a voice of pleasure, "There are some water-lilies! Can we get them?"

With some trouble I got the boat near them, and Fleurette gathered three or four. As she sat opening the white cups and spreading out the starry blooms, I said, "Why are you always so sad, Miss Dorvaux?"

"Am I sad? Very few people in Dalebury give me credit for that, I fancy."

"My eyes look deeper down than the Dalebury eyes. To me you are always sad. Why is it? You have youth, beauty, and, if you wished it, love. Why is it?"

Fleurette turned her eyes to mine. "Do you think these pale lilies have any hidden troubles, Mr. Penn?"

"None, I should say. They toil not, neither do they spin, you know."

"The people who toil and spin are not the only people who are unhappy in the world," said Fleurette softly.

"Nor are the water-lilies the only flowers who shut up their hearts, and only open them after great persuasion."

She placed one of the white stars in her dark hair, and said, "We are getting quite poetical this afternoon. Was that a kingfisher flew by?"

"Of course it was no more a kingfisher than it was an ostrich; and as Fleurette was now my prisoner in mid-stream, I was not going to let her escape or evade my questions for any bird that flew."

I steadied the boat with an occasional dip of the oars, and looking her full in the face, asked, "Fleurette, why do you treat John so strangely?"

Her eyes dropped. "I scarcely understand you," she said.

"You understand fully. Why did you refuse to marry him?"

"I might plead a woman's privilege. If we cannot choose, we can at least decline to be the choice of any particular man."

"You might plead it if you did not love him; but you will not plead it, Fleurette. It is because I know you love him I ask you for an answer to my question."

Her fingers toyed nervously with her lilies, but she said nothing.

"If I thought you did not care for him—if you can tell me so—my question is answered, and I am satisfied. Answer me, Fleurette."

She raised her head, and I saw her

brave brown eyes shining through her tears.

"The proudest day in my life was when John Penn asked me to be his wife—the happiest day would be the day I married him, and that will be never."

"Never, Fleurette?"

"Never—never—never. Unless"—here the girl gave a sort of shudder, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Tell me what obstacle there can be," I said gently.

"I cannot. I will not. If I could not tell John, why should I tell you?"

"Your mother is a great invalid, is she not?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes," replied Fleurette.

"Is it possible you fear John would wish you to leave her? Is that the reason, Fleurette?"

"I will tell you nothing," she said firmly. "Put me ashore, please."

"Very well, Miss Fleurette," I said, resting on my oars. "Then I give you fair warning, I shall never cease until I find out everything."

The girl's face flushed with anger. "What right have you," she cried, "to attempt to pry into my private life? I hate you! Put me ashore at once."

Fleurette not only had a will but a temper of her own.

"I will not," I said, "until you give me some message I can take to John,—some word that will let him live on hope, at least."

"Will you put me ashore?" said Fleurette, stamping her foot. My only answer was a stroke of the oars which sent the boat some yards further up the stream.

"Then I shall go myself," said Fleurette; and before I could comprehend her meaning, she simply slipped overboard, and in a couple of seconds was standing on the river bank, with the water dripping from her petticoats. She darted across the meadow without even looking back, and left me feeling supremely ridiculous. The river was scarcely knee-deep at this point, so she ran no risk of drowning, and only suffered the inconvenience of wet shoes and skirts; but I could not divest myself of the idea that had there been six feet of water there, the beautiful little vixen would have gone overboard just the same. I had been completely outwitted by a girl of twenty; but then no one could imagine that a young lady of the present day, attired in an elegant walking-dress, would jump out of a boat to avoid his society, however angry she might be. Yet I felt very foolish as I drifted back to Dalebury,

and doubted whether I had done John's cause any good.

"After all," I said, "perhaps my boasted tact and diplomacy only pass muster in the free-and-easy community of New Durham, and I shall be a failure in England. I had better take the first steamer and go back again."

I met Fleurette in the road the next morning. Her features wore a demure smile.

"You treated me shamefully," I said.

"I am the one to complain, I think. The idea of attempting to keep me against my will! My boots were spoiled; I was made most uncomfortable, and had to explain my draggled appearance as best I could."

"But fancy my horror when you stepped out of the boat; and picture what a fool I have felt ever since. Nevertheless I forgive you," I said magnanimously.

"And I forgive you," said Fleurette, with deep meaning in her voice. So we shook hands, and renewed our compact of friendship.

I had now been at Dalebury nearly a month, and purposed, whilst I had time to spare, to make a little trip to the Continent. I intended to stay there two months, then return and commence work. A few days before I left Dalebury, I heard that some one was ill at the house at the corner; and with the remembrance of Fleurette's wet shoes and stockings before me, I was very uneasy. However, we soon ascertained that Mrs. Dorvaux was the sufferer, and that Dr. Bush, from the other end of the town, had been called in. I know this was very annoying to John, as Dr. Bush and he were not the best of friends. In his professional capacity he would, I believe, have attended Fleurette herself without show of emotion; so why not Fleurette's mother? Nothing, of course, could be said, as we live in a free country, and people may employ what doctor they choose.

Evidently Mrs. Dorvaux's illness was not of long duration, for I soon saw Fleurette about again. She looked pale and worn, probably from watching and nursing her mother. My holiday at Dalebury had now run down to its last dregs, so when we met it was to say good-bye.

"Can it never be, Fleurette?" I whispered, as our hands met before parting.

"Never," she replied — "never. Good-bye — good-bye."

Poor old John! poor little Fleurette! What mystery was it that stayed the happiness of these two?

I returned home from my travels, tired of idleness. Having heard of an opening that promised well, I ran down to Dalebury to consult my brother. John and I were very bad correspondents, so I had no news of the little town since I sojourned there. As I passed the house at the corner I saw it was void. "They have left," said John, as I eagerly asked the reason.

"Left! Where have they gone to?"

"No one knows," said John sadly. "Shortly after you went abroad, common rumor said they were thinking of quitting; and last month they did go."

"Did she leave no word — no message for you?"

"Only this," replied John opening a drawer in front of him, where he kept a variety of cheerful-looking instruments. "I found this one morning on the seat of my carriage. I suppose she threw it in."

A single flower, the stem passed through a piece of paper with the word "Adieu" pencilled on it.

Sorry as I was to hear the news, I could scarcely help smiling as John replaced the flower in the drawer. It seemed almost bathos, that little rose, tossed into a doctor's carriage, and now lying amongst old lancets, forceps, and other surgical instruments.

The weeks, the months, even the years, passed by, and we heard nothing of Fleurette. The flower, doubtless still lying in the drawer, was all that was left of old John's little romance.

CHAPTER II.

THREE years soon went by. I was still in England. I had purchased a share in a London practice, and although I found much drudgery in my work, it was a paying practice, and which would eventually be entirely mine, as my partner, who was growing old and rich, talked of retiring.

Once or twice in every year I had been down to Dalebury. All was the same there. John was still unmarried; and if he said nothing about her, I knew he had not forgotten the dainty little girl who had rejected his love. Yet not a word had Fleurette sent him. She might be dead or married, for all we knew. I often used to wonder whether I should ever meet her again — whether I should ever learn her secret trouble, for I felt that Fleurette's sadness was not so much from having to give up the hope of being John's wife, as from the cause that compelled her to take that step. I could only hope, and say a

word now and then to encourage John to hope also.

One day whilst snatching a hasty lunch, I was informed I was wanted at once. I found a respectable servant waiting for me.

"Please to come to my mistress at once, sir," she said. "She is taken very ill, all of a sudden."

"Where does she live?" I asked. The servant named a street within a short distance, and in a few minutes I was at the house.

It was in that description of street we term respectable—dull, quiet, and respectable,—small houses on each side letting at low rents—rents, most likely, decreasing as an old tenant left and a new tenant came in: the sort of place where the falling gentleman and the rising clerk or workman meet in their downward and upward course. On our way I asked the servant what had happened to her mistress.

"I found her sitting in her chair, sir, looking so wild and talking such gibberish, that I came for you as fast as I could."

She led the way to a sitting-room. "Mistress was in there when I left; will you please go in, sir?"

I went in, but no mistress was visible. I saw, with a quick glance, that the room was prettily furnished—many little feminine knick-knacks lying about. Hanging to an easel near the window were two dead birds, a goldfinch, and a bulfinch, and on the easel stood a China plate, painted with a faithful representation of the models. "Decayed gentlefolks," I said to myself; but the servant's voice, calling me from above, put an end to all further speculations. There was evident alarm in the girl's voice; so I hastened up-stairs, and, just inside the door of a bedroom, saw a woman lying on the floor, either dead or insensible.

With the servant's assistance I lifted her up and placed her on the bed; then proceeded to ascertain what was the matter. It needed, alas! very little professional skill to determine the primary cause of her illness. I had before me one of those sad cases, unfortunately becoming more and more common, of drunkenness in one whose education and station in life should have raised her far above such a vice. There was no doubt about it. Even if the odor of the woman's breath had not told me the truth, I had seen too many drunken women in my time to be deceived. I could do little to

relieve her, then; and after assuring the frightened servant her mistress was in no danger, I placed her comfortably on the bed, and gave the girl instructions to loosen her clothes. As she did so, I looked with pity and some curiosity on the unhappy woman. She was a lady, evidently,—as far as the common sense of the word reaches,—delicately nurtured and well dressed. Her features were pleasing, regular, and refined, and in spite of all, she lay here a victim to the same vice that urges the brutal collier to pound his wife to death, and causes the starving charwoman to overlay her wretched baby.

I did not like to expose her weakness to her own servant, so promised to send round some medicine, and to look in again in the evening.

As I stood with the door half open, turning to give the servant some last instructions, a girl passed by me hastily, not even seeming aware of my presence. Before I had time to speak, or even to look at her, she had thrown herself on her knees beside the bed, and was weeping bitterly over the unfortunate woman. Her face as she knelt was hidden from me, but I could see her hair was black, and something in the turn of her graceful figure struck me as being familiar.

"Oh my poor mamma! my poor mamma!" she sobbed out. "What shall I do?—again, again! Oh poor mamma!"

I drew near and said, "You need not be alarmed at your mother's illness; she will soon recover."

The girl rose on hearing my voice. She turned round quickly and looked at me. Lo and behold, she was our long-lost Fleurette!

Fleurette—and, as I could see even through her sorrow, as beautiful as ever! I advanced with outstretched hands; but the girl drew herself up and waved me aside with the dignity of a diminutive empress.

"And so, as you threatened, you have intruded upon my privacy. Go—I will never speak to you again."

"Miss Dorvaux," I answered, almost as angry as herself, "your servant will tell you how I happen to be here, and you will see it is from no wish to intrude. I am going now, but shall return to see my patient this evening, when I hope, for the sake of old days, you will give me a few minutes' conversation."

Then, as Fleurette returned weeping to her mother, I departed, revolving many things in my mind, as the writers say.

I had found Fleurette at last. Actually living within a stone's throw of my door! Perhaps she had lived there ever since she left Dalebury. Now having found her, what was I to do with her? I guessed that I had also fathomed her mystery. You see it was only a commonplace, vulgar little mystery after all — a mother's drunkenness the sum-total of it. Yet when I thought of the girl giving up her love and bright prospects for the sake of keeping her erring mother's vice a secret, most likely never complaining of the sacrifice, wearing to the outer world a bright face that hid from nearly every one the sorrow of her heart, it seemed to me that our little Fleurette was something very near a heroine, after all.

My first idea was to telegraph to John and tell him where to find her; but upon consideration I thought it better to wait until after our interview in the evening.

I found Fleurette alone. She was very pale, very sad, very subdued — very different, indeed, to the angry young woman who had walked into the river three years ago, or the unjust tyrant who had ordered me from her presence that afternoon. My first inquiry was after her mother. Poor Fleurette colored as she told me that lady was now almost convalescent, and she did not think I need trouble to see her again. Then she held out her hand, and as I took it, said, —

"Please forgive me for my unjust words to-day; but I was so vexed, I scarcely knew what I said."

"We are always forgiving each other, Fleurette. Brothers unto seventy times seven — why not sisters also?"

Fleurette smiled sadly and hopelessly.

"Tell me, Fleurette," I said gently, as I sat down beside her, "was this the cause?"

She nodded her pretty head.

"Tell me all about it. How long has it been going on? I can be secret as you."

And then Fleurette told me. I will not give her words. They were too loving, too lenient, and ever framing affectionate excuses. It was a piteous little tale, even as she told it — a tale of hope growing stronger every day, till in one hour it was crushed as a flower is crushed under foot. Then came penitence, contrition, shame, and the ever-recurring vows of amendment. And with them hope sprang afresh and bloomed for a while, — only to be cut down as ruthlessly as before. And so on for years, ever the same weary round, and although she told me not, ever the same loving care, the same jealous resolve to

shield her mother's sins from the vulgar gaze. It was a hard burden for a girl to bear. For this she gave up the hope of being John's wife. She would not leave her mother to perish, and would not injure John, as she shrewdly feared might be the case if she subjected him to the scandal of having a mother-in-law of Mrs. Dorvaux's disposition living with him; and knowing as I know the delicate susceptibilities of patients in a place like Dalebury, in my heart I thought that Fleurette was right.

"And why did you leave Dalebury?" I asked, when she had finished her recital.

"Mamma was — ill — there; so ill, I was frightened, and obliged to send for a doctor, — and I feared people might learn the cause." So that was why Dr. Bush had been called in instead of John.

"Then we came to London," she continued. "London is so large, I thought we might hide ourselves here."

"How often do these — these attacks show themselves?" I asked.

"Sometimes not for months; sometimes twice a month. Oh, do you think she can ever be cured? She has been so good, so good for such a long time! If I had not gone out to-day this might never have happened. Our poor old servant died some months ago, and I could not trust the new one, or she might have prevented it. Do you think she can be cured?"

I shook my head. I knew too well that when a woman of Mrs. Dorvaux's age has these periodical irresistible cravings after stimulants, the case is wellnigh hopeless. Missionaries, clergymen, and philanthropists tell us pleasing and comforting tales of marvellous reformations, but medical men know the sad truth.

I was so indignant at the sacrifice of a young girl's life, that had I spoken my true thoughts, I should have said, "Leave the brandy-bottle always full, always near at hand, so that —" Well, I won't be too hard on Fleurette's mother. She must have had some good in her for the girl to have loved her so.

We had said nothing about John as yet. That was to come.

"Fleurette, I shall write to John to-night. What shall I tell him?"

Her black eyelashes were now only visible.

"What can you tell him? You promised to guard my secret."

"I shall, at least, tell him I have found you, and then he must take his own course."

"Oh, don't let him come here," pleaded

the girl. "I could not bear to see him; and perhaps," she added, with a faltering voice, "he doesn't care to hear anything about me now."

Ah, Fleurette, Fleurette! after all, on some points you are only a weak woman.

The next day I begged leave of absence from my partner and patients, and ran down to Dalebury to tell John the news.

Yet I had little enough to tell him. I was in honor bound to guard the girl's secret; so all I could say was, I had found her again, that she was as bewitching as ever, and, I believed, loved him still. I could add that now I knew the reason why she could not come to him, and I was compelled to own it was a weighty one, — an obstacle I could give no hope would be removed for many years. He must be content with that; it was all the news, all the hope, I had to give him.

"Very well," said John, with a sigh, "I must wait. All things come to the man who waits; so perhaps Fleurette will come to me at last."

Now that I had found Fleurette, you may be sure I was not going to lose sight of her again. I was very grieved to ascertain that her mother's circumstances were not so good as of old. Some rascal who possessed the widow's confidence had decamped with a large sum of money. Our Fleurette eked out their now scanty income by painting on china; and very cleverly the girl copied the birds and flowers on the white plates. She never complained, but to me it was more than vexatious to think there was a good home waiting for her if her mother's faults would allow her to accept it. Now and again I would give John tidings of her. He never sought her, being far too proud to come until she sent for him; and as in the course of the next twelve months the unhappy Mrs. Dorvaux experienced three or four relapses, I could see little chance of John ever getting the message he waited for. I begged Fleurette to persuade her mother to enter a home for inebriates, but the girl would not even broach the subject to her; so here was youth drifting away from John and Fleurette — kept apart for the sake of a wretched woman, and I was powerless to mend matters.

But did John and Fleurette ever marry? You see this is not a romance, only a little tale of real life, and as such, the only way out of the deadlock was a sad and prosaic one, — a way that poor Fleurette could not even wish for. Reformation, I say, as a medical man, was out of the

question. I hope Fleurette will not read these pages, where I am compelled to express my true feelings, by saying that, a short time after a year had expired, Mrs. Dorvaux was obliging enough to die. I say "obliging" advisedly, for sad though it be to think so, her death made three people happy; indeed, as her life was so miserable to her, it may be I should have said four. Fleurette mourned her sincerely: all her faults were buried in her grave, and left to be forgotten. Two months after her death I wrote to John, bade him come to town, and without even warning Fleurette, sent him to see her. Then he found that all things do indeed come to the man who can wait, — even the love that seemed so hopeless and far away.

I don't think John ever knew, or unless he reads it here, ever will know, the true reason why Fleurette refused him and shunned him for so long. He knows, from what I told him, it was a noble, self-sacrificing, and womanly motive that led her to reject his love, and is content with knowing this. He feels the subject must be ever painful to his bright little wife, and has never caused her pretty eyes to grow dim by asking for an explanation. There is no sadness with Fleurette now. She lights up that old red-brick house; she is the life of Dalebury, and, moreover, the one woman against whom Dalebury says little or nothing.

The last time I was down there, I rowed Fleurette a long way up the shallow stream. Not only Fleurette, but a couple of children as well, — dark-eyed, bonny boys, who chatter in French and English indiscriminately. As we passed the spot where the aquatic escapade took place, I turned with a smile to my sister; but before I could speak she said, beseechingly, —

"Don't, please — don't. Old memories are ever sad. The present is happy, the future promises fair, — let us forget."

And as she spoke, for a moment I saw the sad eyes of the Fleurette of old days. Old memories are sorrowful, — let them die.

From All The Year Round.

TRADES'-GUILDS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

PART I.

I MUST commence this article by a declaration that

The moving accident is not my trade ;

To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;

'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,

To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

But I can pipe my simple song, and even find my solitude, as well in the town as in the country. The architecture and the antiquities of great cities have scanty charms for me. What I chiefly love to contemplate is the full tide of human life as it flows through the streets, the alleys, and the markets. The "busy hum of men" pleases me far more than the "towered cities" in which they dwell, and I heartily enter into the feelings of Dr. Johnson, who thought that Fleet Street and Charing Cross contained the finest views in the world. If it had fallen to my lot to "personally conduct" Dr. Johnson through Constantinople, I should not have taken him to St. Sophia, or Dolmabahçhe, or Tcheraghan, nor should I have trailed him up and down the Bosphorus, which, lovely as it is, would have had no charms for him. If he had had a fancy to visit the conventional lions of the place, I should certainly have left him to the professional dragoman, who is the modern embodiment of Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea. "If," says poor Sindbad, "I loitered or went leisurely, he beat me, and I was a captive unto him." In these few words we have a lively picture of the dragoman, who will never suffer the tourist to loiter or go leisurely. It is true that the modern dragoman seldom, if ever, beats the tourist, for he has been affected by that general amelioration of Turkish manners which, ever since the massacre of the Janissaries, has extended itself even to the dogs of the capital. Still, even the modified and tempered dragoman fully justifies those old Levantines who included him in their daily prayer thus: "Save me, oh, Lord, from fire, the plague, and the dragoman!"

For such a survey of Constantinople as I should have proposed to the sage of Fleet Street, a longer period is required than the statutory fortnight, within the limits of which the conventional tourist compresses his inspection, before he goes home to write his book on the Turkish Empire, or to harangue his constituents on the Eastern Question. I have resided here for nearly seven years, and I know that I have yet much to learn. But long before I came here I had made myself familiar with the features of old London, and I had not been here long before all my recollections of what I had read or seen were revived by my experiences of

Constantinople. What struck me first was that the localization of trades, which prevailed in London down to a very late period, lingered in Constantinople still. In fact, though it is slightly modified since I came here, it lingers to this day.

I walked only the other day through three long streets in Stamboul which are entirely given up to the workers and dealers in gold and silver, and which reminded me of the days when the whole of Lombard Street and a great part of Chepe were given up to the shops of the goldsmiths and silversmiths. In the neighborhood of the Mosque of Sultan Bayezid is a quarter which is a faint reflection of Paternoster Row, and which is said by a modern traveller, but upon what authority I know not, to have preserved its present characteristics from the palmy days of the Greek Empire. The pipe-makers; the makers of mouthpieces (for the man who makes the pipe does not make the mouthpiece); the saddlers; the packers; the trunk-makers; the craftsmen who stuff the yorghaus, which serve both as mattresses and quilts, with cotton; and the vendors of the great fur-lined cloaks with pointed hoods, one of which is almost an entire wardrobe, have each their separate quarter. I walked through these quarters the other day, and also through more than a mile of braziers' shops, in which I was deafened by the operations of those who were fabricating mangals, coffee-pots, urns, enormous round dishes, and platters of every form. The tent-makers are all to be found in the quarter called the "Bit Bazaar." The makers and vendors of sabres have a street to themselves; you might, as the saying is, "throw a tablecloth" over the makers of turbans; and the makers of embroidered slippers are as exclusive as if they were members of the Stock Exchange. We have a street of bean-sellers, and a street of cake-makers, and of course each of the principal articles of consumption has its separate market, of which I will say more hereafter. If I could have led Dr. Johnson through such streets, straightway Budge Row and Candlewright (Cannon) Street, Fish Street and Fish Street Hill, the Vintry, Paternoster Row, and Amen Corner, and many other such scenes familiar to him, would have risen up again before him, and he would have felt that he was in London once more. In closing my remarks on the localization of trades, I must add that there is a street in Galata called Maltese Street, which is exclusively occupied by Maltese dealers in fresh pork,

ham, bacon, sausages, and dried fish of all kinds, butter and cheese, and potatoes, and also in all the articles usually found in Italian warehouses. The competition in this street is so great that the articles sold in it can be obtained more cheaply than from any of the isolated dealers in like goods. I do not suppose that those who first planned the localization of trades had this object in view, but it is certain that a like result must have followed, and does follow, wherever such localization prevails, and I think it is clear that those who have been at pains to break up this localization in great cities, and to scatter the trades over many quarters, must have benefited dealers at the expense of the general public. However, it seems to be a received maxim in these days that the public is made for the dealers, and not the dealers for the public.

At the commencement of the present century one of the most intelligent and well-informed of the Europeans who have visited Constantinople wrote that each nationality affected particular trades — that the Turks took chiefly to the manufacture of arms, carpets, and pipes; that the Armenians were, generally, apothecaries, furriers, and stewards in the pachas' houses, that the Greeks were for the most part money-changers and dealers in jewelry and trinkets, and that the Jews were what they were everywhere else — viz., "Jacks of all trades." This division of labor in no way interfered with the localization of trades, and, in this respect, Constantinople was more liberal than old London in which a strange or a Jewish tradesman or artisan never found favor. To some slight extent the division still prevails, but a great fusion has taken place, and it would be wrong to say that at the present day the members of any nationality, taking them as a body, specially affect particular occupations. Still, the point could not be forgotten by the student of the history of social life in Constantinople.

Stamboul presents, as London has presented, and still presents, curious illustrations of the marvellous vitality of the names of streets and buildings. Thus there is a Yeni Capou (Newgate) in the walls of Constantinople which has been called Newgate in Greek from the days of Theodosius down to the conquest, and which is called Newgate in Turkish to this day. So also there is a Yeni Djami, or New Mosque, which has been called a new mosque for three hundred years. The names of Newgate Street and New-

gate in London boast a respectable antiquity, but they cannot compete with the Newgate of Constantinople.

But it is not alone in the localization of trades that Constantinople resembles old London. There are many other points of resemblance, although under modern European pressure they are beginning to pass away. In fact, Constantinople must be regarded as a city which has fallen into a deep sleep on the roadway of civilization while her European sisters have moved on. She is beginning to rub her eyes, and to stretch her limbs, and to make good resolutions, which for the most part end in the formation of commissions, whereof come pipes and coffee and reports. Still, like the sluggard, she is at least conscious that she ought to be awake, and though she turns her "heavy head" somewhat slothfully, she turns it so as to give signs of a returning animation. Every year more and more shops, with glazed fronts and fitted after the modern fashion of Europe, make their appearance; every year, if a street be reconstructed after a conflagration, it is made wider than its predecessor; every year a struggle is made to provide a more abundant and less fitful supply of gas; and every year witnesses an attempt, though not a very vigorous attempt, to make the pavements somewhat less painful to the feet of true believers.

Still, many of the old characteristics remain; there are still many hundreds of shops with open fronts, which are no more screened from observation than were the booths in the Flete Street and Chepe of our forefathers. In these shops all the business of the occupants is carried on in full view of the passers-by and of the loungers. Thus the Turkish grocer, conspicuous by his snow-white turban and his flowing beard, sits cross-legged on the high-raised floor of his shop, with a by no means distant background of canisters and bottles; with his scales suspended from the roof, and with all the materials of his trade close and ready to his hand. Usually, a female friend, or purchaser, is also seated on the shop-board, but with her legs dependent in the street. Of course she wears a yashmak and feridjee, but a yashmak is no bar to oral conversation, and still less is it a bar to the language of the eyes, and conversation, of the one kind or the other, goes on for an indefinite time between the grocer and his visitor. When a veritable customer arrives, the old Turk does not trouble himself to remove the chibouque from his

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lips, but stretches out his hand to the required canister or bottle, draws down the scales from the roof, and supplies the article demanded. Sitting, as he does, a little above the faces of his customers, he looks down gravely and benevolently upon them, and seems to say: "Look around, there are no dark corners in my shop; no sand can lurk undetected in the sugar which I present to you in the light of this blazing sun; nor could the insidious horse-bean, if I were to introduce it among the fragrant berries of Mocha, escape your penetrating gaze." The restaurateur's cook, as he stands behind his smoking pots and shining stewpans, in like manner takes the entire crowd of spectators into his confidence, and defies them to mistake a rabbit, which he dissects before them, for a cat or a puppy. All the tradesmen and handicraftsmen seem to say to the intended purchasers: "Behold us! We are all fair and above board. You will find in us no untradesman-like artifices. We lay bare to you all the arts and mysteries of our crafts. Would you buy a yorghān (wadded quilt) you shall see us weigh out the cotton which it shall contain, and you may watch us as we make it up, and judge for yourselves whether we are the men to connive at a surreptitious insertion of inferior material."

No one who knows Constantinople will be surprised to learn that a brisk trade is done in the readjustment of the *fez*, for the greater part of the male population is befezzed, and it is essential to the well-being of every wearer of a *fez*, that his headdress shall preserve its pristine stiffness, since, although when the *fez* is stiff it resembles nothing so much as a bright scarlet inverted flower-pot, it is not an unbecoming headdress, but lends itself readily to the features of the wearer, giving an additional shade of sternness to the stern, and sitting with an air of benign content upon the forehead of the benevolent. When, however, it has lost its form and become limp, it looks like an old red nightcap, and invests its wearer with an air of rakish imbecility which is anything but edifying. In this condition it requires to be readjusted, and the manner of its readjustment is in this wise. Within the open shop-front of the *fez*-restorer is what cooks call a hot-plate, and on the hot-plate, over holes which permit the heat to reach them from the subadjacent charcoal, are a number of brass pots in shape like flower-pots, and of various sizes. On one of these the limp and be-

draggled *fez* is fitted tightly; then another brass pot is fitted over the *fez*, and by means of two handles, made to revolve briskly round the lower pot. This having been done, and the upper pot having been removed, the *fez* is seen to have regained its youthful form and vigor, and to have become capable, once more, in accordance with the temperament of its wearer, of inspiring merriment, affection, or awe. While this is going on the owner of the *fez* waits proudly in the street, in the full consciousness of virtue and surrounded by a crowd, whose members greet him with sympathetic laughter when he has regained and marched off with his badge of slavery, if he be a Greek or an Armenian, but his badge of distinction if he be an Osmanli. There are few things so much detested by the Christian subjects or servants of the sultan as is the *fez*; and, knowing this, the Osmanlis take care to make the wearing of it obligatory.

The boutiques of the coffee-dealers also demand a few words of notice. There is a coffee khan in Stamboul where the coffee is bruised by machinery, but the countless coffee-drinkers of the capital cannot go thither for their coffee, and therefore the coffee-bruisers are scattered through all quarters. Of course the *fez*-restorers also are not localized. Within the open shop front of the coffee-bruisers there is a large iron mortar in which the beans are placed, and behind this, and slightly raised above it, stand two brawny Croats, who are armed with heavy iron pestles which are furnished with slender iron handles of over four feet in length. With swift alternate strokes the Croats soon reduce the beans to fine powder, and, as they do so, a fragrant aroma rises into the air, whilst the vibrations of the iron handles produce a musical ping-ping, ping-ping, which is inexpressibly pleasing to the ear. The whole operation is like a hymn of praise accompanied by a sacrifice of incense.

The Turkish fruit shops are always arranged with an attention to color that any Parisian fruiterer might envy. Long and thick ropes of the gay-colored Amasia apples, gleaming like the jewelled fruits which Aladdin saw in the magician's garden, depend from the roofs, or hang in festoons from the walls, whilst on the floor of the shop the glowing oranges, the burnished pomegranates, the shining lemons, and glistening citrons are piled together in luxuriant profusion. Here and there is a cool, green couch of lettuces and endives; where nestle in a warm re-

pose the blushing tomato and the ardent capsicum. The grapes are in such profusion that no attempt is made to arrange them; they remain in the great baskets in which they are brought over from the Asiatic shore. The background of the shop is usually built up with a wall of lemons.

I love to watch these men, each in his turn; but chiefly I love to linger at the shops of the pastry-cooks; to inhale the commingled perfumes of honey and sesame, and to see the rich smoke curl gracefully upwards from the tarts, as the cook draws them out with his long peel from the wide-mouthed oven. It is a sweet thing to watch the making of vermicelli, and to see the cook make bright the copper face of his hot-plate with a cloth of encouraging whiteness, mix the flour in a spotless trough, and pour it from a bright ladle into a shining brass colander, from which it trickles on to the surface of the hot-plate in thin streams, which soon become dry and curl up in crisp white threads, which are then gathered up and thrown into polished wooden bowls for sale. Turkish cookery, which is, on the whole, very good, has at least the merit of great variety and of absolute cleanliness. Almost everything that can be cooked, enters into the repertory of the Turkish cook, and it is remarkable that the articles which are cooked on portable stoves in the open streets, are very nearly as good as articles of the same kind which you procure at respectable restaurants.

Every variety of vegetable produce appears to be an ingredient of the Turkish cuisine. The larger varieties, such as the vegetable-marrow, the aubergine, and especially the courge, which is a ridiculous vegetable like a green sausage of five feet in length, are usually stuffed, but humbler varieties are stewed in some sauce, which may be tomato, but looks like furniture polish. I need not say that chestnuts are treated in this way; but acorns also form an article of consumption. The fruit of the cornel or wild cherry-tree, is also in request; it is either eaten raw or in a preserve; in the latter case it is said to be a tonic and a remedy against diarrhœa. The fruit is oval, and somewhat like a sloe, but of a reddish-brown color; when gathered unripe, which it frequently is, it has a sharp acid taste. It is then pickled in imitation of olives. The Turks also use it in the making of sherbet. The seeds of the pine cones, which are very large, sweet, and oily, are also largely

used in pillaffs, in the stuffing of poultry, and in sweetmeats. But upon the subject of Turkish cookery I shall have more to say, when I come to write of the outdoor industries.

I shall close my notice of the shops with some remarks upon the barbers' shops, which have a powerful interest for the street boys, because, as the barbers are also dentists, the boys can see solemn old gentlemen having their heads shaved in public, or old gentlemen, by no means so solemn, awaiting the final and fatal tug. This last spectacle has an intense interest for the youthful population, who applaud vigorously when the tooth comes out, but laugh viciously when the operation is unsuccessful.

The barber's basin throughout Constantinople, and, to the best of my knowledge, throughout Turkey, is of the time-honored pattern, made of brass, and with a semi-circular segment cut out of the rim, so as to admit of the basin being placed close to the customer's neck, and below his chin, while the barber manipulates beard or chin with warm water, until the one or the other is ready for the final operation. It is just such a basin as that which Don Quixote took for "Mambrino's helmet," and which he placed on his head, upside down, and with the semi-circular hiatus over his forehead, as if the basin had been a morion. It is just such a basin as was wont to be used in Beaumont and Fletcher's amusing burlesque of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," when one of Giant Barbaroso's captives was brought forth upon the stage, with the basin embracing his neck, close under his chin, as if he were just about to be shaved. Such basins were in universal use in England for some centuries, but, in my time, I have never seen one there. Here there are no other forms. They are not invariably of brass. Of late years basins of pottery have been introduced. I bought, at Mersine, on the Syrian coast, a basin in red and white pottery, which bore the name of a French firm, and I have seen one in the Princes' Islands, in blue and white, which bore the name of an English firm; but whether the basin be of brass, or pewter, or pottery, its form is always the same.

As a matter of course, the barbers' shops in Stamboul are not localized, but there is a little settlement of them close to each principal mosque. One of these settlements consists of a row of small houses, or rather huts, in front of the great mosque of Sultan Achmet, which

are occupied by barbers, and are made quite resplendent by the basins, which are hung out in apparently unnecessary profusion in front of the huts.

There is another colony of barbers in the square of the Bayezid Mosque, and they have introduced open-air shaving. Only the other day, in winter, I saw a row of grave Turks seated under the wall of the court of the mosque, and having their tonsure made strictly orthodox. To an unbeliever, the spectacle was provocative of mirth, but to the Moslem crowd it gave great satisfaction. As I have said, the barbers are also dentists, and they have preserved a custom which once prevailed in England, as the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of other poets, well know. They make collarettes, aprons, girdles, and other similar articles, with teeth, strung together by red, blue, and yellow silk, and they suspend these articles, as signs, outside their shops. In this work, they display almost as much taste as the fruiterers exhibit, but I confess that I prefer the fruit to the teeth which can no longer consume it.

I must reserve for another article my comments on the bazaars and markets, which are in their general features quite distinct from the shops.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT ART OF THE RENAISSANCE.

REAL and ideal — these are the handy terms, admiring or disapproving, which criticism claps with random facility on to every imaginable school. This artist or group of artists goes in for the real: the upright, noble, trumpery, filthy real; that other artist or group of artists seeks after the ideal — the ideal which may mean sublimity or platitude. We summon every living artist to state whether he is a realist or an idealist; we classify all dead artists as realists or idealists; we treat the matter as if it were one of almost moral importance. Now, the fact of the case is that the question of realism and idealism, which we calmly assume as already settled or easy to settle by our own sense of right and wrong, is one of the most tangled questions of art-philosophy; and one, moreover, which no amount of theory, but only historic fact, can ever set right. For, to begin with, we find realism and idealism coming before us in different ways and with different meaning and

importance. All art which is not addressing (as decrepit art is forced to do) faculties to which it does not spontaneously and properly appeal — all art is decorative, ornamental, idealistic therefore, since it consciously or unconsciously aims, not merely at reproducing the already existing, but at producing something which shall repay the looking at it, something which shall ornament, if not a place, at least our lives; and such making of the ornamental, of the worth looking at, necessarily implies selection and arrangement — that is to say, idealism. At the same time, while art aims definitely at being in this sense decorative, art may very possibly aim more immediately at merely reproducing, without selection and arrangement, — that is to say, idealism. At the same time, while art aims definitely at being in this sense decorative, art may very possibly aim more immediately at merely reproducing, without selection or arrangement, the actually existing things of the world, and this in order to obtain the mere power of representation. In short, art which is idealistic as a master will yet be realistic as a scholar: it decorates when it achieves; it copies when it studies. But this is only half the question. Certain whole schools may be described as idealistic, others as realistic, in tendency; and this, not in their study, but in their achievement. One school will obviously be contented with forms the most unselected and vulgar; others will go but little out of their way in search of form-superiority; while yet others, and these we must emphatically call idealistic, are squeamish to the last degree in the choice and adaptation of form, anxious to get the very best, and make the very best of it. Yet, on thinking over it, we shall find that realistic and idealistic schools are all, in their achievements, equally striving for something which is not the mere reproduction of the already existing as such — striving, in short, after decoration. The pupil of Perugino will, indeed, wait patiently to begin his work until he can find a model fit for a god or goddess; while the fellow-craftsmen of Rembrandt will be satisfied with the first dirty old Jew or besotten barmaid that comes to hand. But the realistic Dutchman is not, therefore, any the less smitten with beauty, any the less eager to be ornamental, than the idealistic Italian: his man and woman he takes indeed with offhand indifference, but he places them in that of which the Italian shall perhaps never have dreamed, in that on which he has

expended all his science, his skill, his fancy, in that which he gives as his addition to the beautiful things of art—in atmosphere, in light, which are to the every-day atmosphere and light what the patiently sought-for, carefully perfected god or goddess model of Raphael is to the every-day Jew, to the every-day barmaid, of Rembrandt.

The ideal, for the man who is quite coarsely realistic in his figures, exists in the air, light, color; and in saying this I have, so to speak, turned over the page too quickly, forestalled the expression of what I can prove only later, the disconnection of such comparative realism and idealism as this (the only kind of realism, let us remember, which can exist in great art) with any personal bias of the artist, its intimate dependence upon the constitution and tendency of art, upon its pre-occupations about form, or color, or light, in a given country and at a given moment. And now I should wish to resume the more orderly treatment of the subject, which will lead us in time to the second half of the question respecting realism and idealism. These considerations have come to me in connection with the portrait art of the Renaissance; and this very simply. For portrait is a curious bastard of art, sprung on the one side from a desire which is not artistic, nay, if anything, opposed to the whole nature and function of art—the desire for the mere likeness of a person. The union with this interloping tendency, so foreign to the whole aristocratic temper of art, has produced portrait; and by the position of this hybrid, or at least far from regularly bred creature—by the amount of the real artistic quality of beauty which it is permitted to retain by the various schools of art, we can, even as by the treatment of similar social interlopers we can estimate the necessities and tendencies of various states of society, judge what are the conditions in which the various schools of art struggle for the object of their lives, which is the beautiful.

I have said that art is realistic in its periods or moments of study; and this is essentially the case even with the school which in many respects was the most unmistakably decorative and idealistic in intention: the school of Giotto. The Giottesques are more than decorative artists, they are decorators in the most literal sense. Painting with them is merely one of the several arts and crafts enslaved by mediæval architecture and subservient

to architectural effects. Their art is the only one which is really and successfully architecturally decorative; and, to appreciate this, we must contrast their fresco-work with that of the fifteenth century and all subsequent times. Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, Signorelli, turn the wall into a mere badly made frame; a gigantic piece of cardboard would do as well, and better; the colors melt into one another, the figures detach themselves at various degrees of relief; those upon the ceiling and pendentives are frequently upside down; yet these figures, which are so difficult to see, are worth seeing only in themselves, and not in relation to their position. The masonry is no longer covered, but carved, rendered uneven with the cavities and protrusions of perspective. In Mantegna's frescoes the wall becomes a slanting theatre scene, cunningly perspectived like Palladio's Teatro Olimpico; with Correggio wall, masonry, everything is dissolved, the side or cupola of a church becomes a rent in the clouds, streaming with light. Not so with the Giottesque frescoes; the wall, the vault, the triumphant masonry is always present and felt, beneath the straight, flat bands of uniform color, the symmetrical compartments, the pentacles, triangles, and segments, and borders of histories, whose figures never project; whose colors are separate as those in a mosaic. The Giottesque frescoes, with their tiers and compartments of dark blue, their vague figures dressed in simple, pure colors, greens, dull reds, and purples; their geometrical borders and pearlings and dog-tooths, cover the walls, the ribbed and arched ceilings, the pointed raftering, almost like some beautiful brown, blue, and tarnished gold leather-hangings; the figures, outlined in dark paint, have almost the appearance of being stencilled, or even stamped on the wall. Such is Giottesque painting: an art which is not merely essentially decorative, but which is, moreover, what painting and sculpture remained throughout the Gothic period, subservient to the decorative effect of another art; an art in which all is subordinated to architectural effect: in which form, color, figures, houses, the most dramatic scenes of the most awful of all dramas, everything is turned into a kind of colossal and sublime wall-paper; and such an art as this would lead us to expect but little realism, little deliberate and slavish imitation of the existing. Yet wherever there is life in this Gothic art (which has a horrible tendency, piously unobserved by critics,

to stagnate into blundering repetition of the same thing), wherever there is progress, there is, in the details of that grandiose idealistic decoration, realism of the crudest kind. Those Giottesque workers, who were not content with a kind of Gothic Byzantinism, those who really handed over something vital to their successors of the fifteenth century, while repeating the old idealistical decorations, were studying with extraordinary crudeness of realism. Everything that was not conventional ornament or type was portrait; and portrait in which the scanty technical means of the artist, every meagre line and thin dab of color, every timid stroke of brush or pencil, went towards the merciless delineation not merely of a body, but of a soul. And the greater the artist, the more cruel the portrait: cruellest in representation of utter spiritual baseness in the two greatest of these idealistic decorators: Giotto, and his latest disciple, Fra Angelico. Of this I should like to give a couple of examples.

In Giotto's frescoes at Santa Croce — one of the most lovely pieces of mere architectural decoration conceivable — there are around the dying and the dead St. Francis two groups of monks, which are astoundingly realistic. The solemn ending of the ideally beautiful life of sanctity which was so fresh in the memory of Giotto's contemporaries, is nothing beyond a set of portraits of the most absolutely mediocre creatures, moral and intellectual, of creatures the most utterly incapable of religious enthusiasm that ever made religion a livelihood. They gather round the dead St. Francis, a noble figure, not at all ecstatic or seraphic, but pure, strong, worn out with wise and righteous labor, a man of thought and action, upon whose hands and feet the stigmata of supernatural rapture are a mere absurdity; monks who are presumably his immediate disciples, those fervent and delicate poetic natures of whom we read in the "*Fioretti di San Francesco*." To represent them Giotto has painted the likeness of the first half-dozen friars he may have met in the streets near Santa Croce: not caricatures, nor ideals, but portraits. Giotto has attempted neither to exalt nor to degrade them into any sort of bodily or spiritual interestingness. They are not low nor bestial nor extremely stupid. They are in various degrees dull, sly, routinist, prosaic, pedantic; their most noteworthy characteristic is that they are certainly the men who are not called by God. They are no scandal to

the Church, but no honor; they are sloth, stupidity, sensualism, and cunning not yet risen to the dignity of a vice. They look upon the dying and dead saint with indifference, want of understanding, at most a gape or a bright look of stupid miscomprehension at the stigmata: they do not even perceive that a saint is a different being from themselves. With these frescoes of Giotto I should wish to compare Fra Angelico's great ceremonial crucifixion in the cloister chapel of San Marco of Florence; for it displays to an extraordinary degree that juxtaposition of the most conventionally idealistic, pious decorativeness with realism straightforward, unreflecting, and heartless to the point of becoming perfectly grotesque. The fresco is divided into two scenes: on the one side the crucifixion, the mystic actors of the drama; on the other the holy men admitted to its contemplation. A sense that holy things ought to be old-fashioned, a respect for Byzantine inanity which invariably haunted the Giottesques in their capacity of idealistic decorators, of men who replaced with frescoes the solemn, lifeless splendors of mosaic, — this kind of artistico-religious prudery has made Angelico, who was able to foreshorten powerfully the brawny crucified thieves, represent the Saviour dangling from the cross, boneless, sinewless, and shapeless. The holy persons around stand rigid, vacant, against their blue nowhere of background, with vague expanses of pink face looking neither one way nor the other; mere modernized copies of the strange, goggle-eyed, vapid beings on the old Italian mosaics. This is not a representation of the actual reality of the crucifixion, like Tintoret's superb picture at S. Rocco, or Dürer's print, or so many others, which show the hill, the people, the hangman, the ladders and ropes and hammers and tweezers: it is a sort of mystic repetition of it, subjective if I may say so, existing only in the contemplation of the saints on the opposite side, who are spectators only in the sense that a contemplative Christian may be said to be the mystic spectator of the Passion. The thing for the painter to represent is fervent contemplation, ecstatic realization of the past by the force of ardent love and belief; the condition of mind of St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, Madame Guyon: it is the revelation of the great tragedy of heaven to the soul of the mystic. Now, how does Fra Angelico represent this? A row of saints, founders of orders, kneel one behind the other, and by their side

stand apostles and doctors of the Church, admitting them to the sight of the superhuman, with the gesture, the bland, indifferent vacuity of the Cameriere Segreto or Monsignore who introduces a troop of pilgrims to the pope; they are privileged persons, they respect, they keep up decorum, they raise their eyes and compress their lips with ceremonious reverence; but they have gone through it all so often, they are so familiar with it, they don't look at it any longer; they gaze about listlessly, they would yawn if they were not too well bred for that. The others, meanwhile, the sainted pilgrims, the men whose journey over the sharp stones and among the pricking brambles of life's wilderness finds its final reward in this admission into the presence of the Holiest, kneel one by one, with various expressions; one with the stupid delight of a religious sightseer; his vanity is satisfied, he will next draw a rosary from his pocket and get it blessed by Christ himself; he will recount it all to his friends at home. Another is dull and gaping, a clown who has walked barefoot from Valencia to Rome, and got imbecile by the way; yet another, prim and dapper; the rest indifferent, looking restlessly about them, at each other, at their feet and hands, perhaps exchanging mute remarks about the length of time they are kept waiting; those at the end of the kneeling procession, St. Peter Martyr and S. Giovanni Gualberto especially, have the bored, listless, devout look of the priests in the train of a bishop. All these figures, the standing ones who introduce and the kneeling ones who are being introduced, are the most perfect types of various states of dull, commonplace, mediocre routinist superstition; so many Camerlenghi on the one hand, so many Passionists or Propagandists on the other: the first aristocratic, bland, and bored; the second dull, listless, mumbling, chewing Latin prayers which never meant much to their minds, and now mean nothing; both perfectly reverential and proper in behavior, with no more possibility of individual fervor of belief than of individual levity of disbelief: the Church, as it exists in well-regulated decrepitude. And thus does the last of the Giottesques, the painter of glorified Madonnas and dancing angels, the saint, represent the saints admitted to behold the supreme tragedy of the Redemption.

Thus much for the Giottesques. The Tuscans of the early Renaissance developed up to the utmost, assisted by the

goldsmiths and sculptors, who taught them modelling and anatomy, that realistic element of Giottesque painting. Its ideal decorative part had become impossible. Painting could no longer be a decoration of architecture, and it had not yet the means of being ornamental in itself; it was an art which did not achieve, but merely studied. Among its exercises in anatomy, modelling, perspective, and so forth, always laborious and frequently abortive, its only spontaneous, satisfactory, mature production was its portrait work. Portraits of burghers in black robes and hoods, of square-jawed youths with red caps stuck on to their fuzzy heads, of bald and wrinkled scholars and magnificoes, of thinly bearded artisans, people who stand round the preaching Baptist or crucified Saviour, look on at miracle or martyrdom, stolid, self-complacent, heedless, against their background of towered, walled, and cypress city, of buttressed square and street; ugly, but real, interesting, powerful among the grotesque agglomerations of bag-of-bones nudities, bunched and taped-up draperies and out-of-joint architecture of the early Renaissance frescoes; at best among its picture-book and Noah's ark prettinesses of toy-box cypresses, vine trellises, inlaid house fronts, rabbits in the grass, and peacocks on the roofs; for the early Renaissance, with the one exception of Masaccio, is in reality a childish time of art, giving us the horrors of school-hour blunders and abortions varied with the delights of nursery wonderland: maturity, the power of achieving, the perception of something worthy of perception, comes only with the later generation, the one immediately preceding the age of Raphael and Michelangelo, with Ghirlandaio, Signorelli, Filippino, Botticelli, Perugino, and their contemporaries.

But this period is not childish, is not immature in everything. Or, rather, the various arts which exist together at this period are not all in the same stage of development. While painting is in this immature ugliness, and ideal sculpture, in works like Verrocchio's and Donatello's David, only a cleverer, more experienced, but less legitimate kind of painting, painting more successful in the present, but with no possible future, the almost separate art of portrait-sculpture arises again where it was left by Græco-Roman masters, and, developing to yet greater perfection, gives in marble the equivalent of what painting will be able to produce only much later: realistic art which is decora-

tive; beautiful works made out of ugly materials.

The vicissitudes of Renaissance sculpture are strange: its life, its power, depend upon death; it is an art developed in the burying vault and cloister cemetery. During the Middle Ages sculpture had had its reason, its vital possibility, its something to influence it, nay, to keep it alive, in architecture; but with the disappearance of Gothic building disappears also the possibility of the sculpture which covers the portals of Chartres and the belfry of Florence. The pseudo-classic colonnades, entablatures, all the thin bastard Ionic and Corinthian of Alberti and Bramante, did not require sculpture; or had its own little supply of unfleshed ox-skulls, greengrocer's garlands, scallopings and wave-linings, which, with a stray siren and one or two bloated emperors' heads, amply sufficed. On the other hand, mediæval civilization and Christian dogma did not encourage the production of naked or draped ideal statues like those which antiquity stuck on countless temple fronts, and erected at every corner of square, street, or garden. The people of the Middle Ages were too grievously ill-grown, distorted, hideous, to be otherwise than indecent in nudity; they may have had an instinct of the kind, and, ugly as they knew themselves to be, they must yet have found in forms like those of Verrocchio's David insufficient beauty to give much pleasure. Besides, if the Middle Ages had left no moral room for ideal sculpture once freed from the service of architecture, they had still less provided it with a physical place. Such things could not be set up in churches; and only a very moderate number of statues could be wanted as open-air monuments in the narrow space of a still Gothic city; and, in fact, ideal heroic statues of the early Renaissance are fortunately not only ugly but comparatively few in number. There remained, therefore, for sculpture, unless contented to dwindle down into brass and gold miniature work, no regular employment save that connected with sepulchral monuments. During the real Middle Ages, and in the still Gothic north, the ornamentation of a tomb belonged to architecture: from the superb miniature minsters, pillared and pinnaced and sculptured, cathedrals within the cathedral, to the humbler foliated arched canopy, protecting a simple sarcophagus at the corner of many a Lombard Street, the sculptor's work was but the low relief on the church flags, the timidly carved,

outlined, cross-legged knight or praying priest, flattened down on his pillow as if ashamed even of that amount of prominence, and in a hurry to be trodden down and obliterated into a few ghostly outlines. But to this humiliated prostrate image, to this flat thing doomed to obliteration, came the sculptor of the Renaissance, and bade the wafer-like simulacrum fill up, expand, raise itself, lift itself on its elbow, arise and take possession of the bed of state, the catafalque raised high above the crowd, draped with brocade, carved with rich devices of leaves and beasts and heraldry, roofed over with a *daïs*, which is almost a triumphal arch, garlanded with fruits and flowers, upon which the illustrious dead were shown to the people; but made eternal, and of eternal magnificence, by the stone-cutter; and guarded, not for an hour by the liveried pages or chanting monks, but by winged genii for all eternity. Some people, I know, call this a degradation, and say that it was the result of corrupt pride, this refusal to have the dear or illustrious dead scraped out any longer by the shoe-nails of every ruffian, rubbed out by the knees of every kitchen wench; but to me it seems that it was due merely to the fact that sculpture had lost its former employment, and that a great art cannot (thank Heaven!) be pietistically self-humiliating. Be this as it may, the sculpture of the Renaissance had found a new and singularly noble line of work, the one in which it was great, unique, unsurpassed, because untutored. It worked here without models, to suit modern requirements, with modern spirit; it was emphatically modern sculpture, the only modern sculpture which can be talked of as something original, genuine, valuable, by the side of antique sculpture. Greek antiquity had evaded death, and neglected the dead; a garland of *menads* and *fauns* among ivy leaves, a battle of *amazons* or *centaurs*; in the late semi-Christian, Platonic days, some Orphic emblem, or genius; at most, as in the exquisite tombs of the *Keramikos* of Athens, a figure, a youth on a prancing steed, like the *Phidian* monument of *Dexileus*; a maiden, draped and bearing an urn, but neither the youth nor the maiden is the inmate of the tomb: they are types, living types, no portraits. Nay, even where antiquity shows us *Death* or *Hermes*, gently leading away the beloved, the spirit, the manes, the dead one, is unindividual. "*Sarkophagen u. Urnen bekränzte der Heide mitt Leben*," said *Göthe*; but it

was the life which was everlasting because it was typical, the life not which had been relinquished by the one buried there, but the life which the world danced on, forgetful, round his ashes. The Romans, on the contrary, graver and more retentive folk than the Greeks, as well as more domestic, less coffee-house living, appear to have inherited from the Etruscans a desire to preserve the effigy of the dead, a desire unknown to the Greeks. But the Etrusco-Roman monuments, where husband and wife stare forth toged and stolaed, half reduced to a conventional crop-headedness, grim and stiff as if sitting unwillingly for their portrait; or reclining on the sarcophagus-lid, neither dead, nor asleep, nor yet alive and awake, but with a hieratic mummy stare, have little of æsthetic or sympathetic value. The early Renaissance, then, first bethought it of representing the real individual in the real death slumber. And I question whether anything more fitting could be placed on a tomb than the effigy of the dead as we saw them when the coffin-lid is being closed down, as we would have given our all to see them but one little moment longer, as they continue to exist for our fancy within the grave; for to any but morbid feelings the beloved can never suffer decay. Whereas a portrait of the man in life, as the throning popes in St. Peter's, seems heartless and derisive; such monuments striking us as conceived and ordered by their inmates while alive, like Michelangelo's Pope Julius, and Browning's bishop, who was so preoccupied about his tomb in St. Praxed's Church. The Renaissance, the late Middle Ages, felt better than this: on the extreme pinnacle, high on the roof, they might indeed place against the russet brick or the blue sky, amid the hum of life and the movement of the air, the living man, like the Scaligers, the mailed knight on his charger, lance in rest; but in the church below, under the funeral pall, they could place only the body such as it may have lain on the bier.

And that figure on the bier was the great work of Renaissance sculpture. Inanimate and vulgar when in heroic figures they tried to emulate the ancients, the sculptors of the fifteenth century have found their own line. The modesty, the simplicity, the awful and beautiful repose of the dead; the individual character cleared of all its conflicting meannesses by death, simplified, idealized as it is in the memory of the survivors—all these are things which belongs to the Renais-

sance. As the Greeks gave the strong, smooth life-current circulating through their heroes; so did these men of the fifteenth century give the gentle and harmonious ebbing after-life of death in their sepulchral monuments. Things difficult to describe, and which must be seen and remembered. There is Rossellino's Cardinal of Portugal at St. Miniato a Monte: the slight body, draped in episcopal robes, lying with delicate folded hands, in gracious decorum of youthful sanctity; the strong, delicate head, of clear feature and gentle furrow, of suffering and thought, a face of infinite purity of strength, strength still ungnarled by action; a young priest, who in his virginal dignity is almost a noble woman. And there is the Ilaria Guinigi of Jacopo della Quercia (the man who had most natural affinity with the antique of all these sculptors, as one may see from the shattered remains of the Fonte Gaia of Siena), the lady stretched out on the rose-garlanded bed of state in a corner of Lucca Cathedral, her feet upon her sleeping dog; her sweet, girlish head, with wavy plaits of hair encircled by a rose-wreathed, turban-like diadem, lying low on round cushions; the bed gently giving way beneath the beautiful, amplexed body, round which the soft robe is chastely gathered, and across which the long-sleeved arms are demurely folded; the most beautiful lady (whose majestic tread through the palace rooms we can well imagine) that the art of the fifteenth century has recorded. There is, above all, the Carlo Marsuppini of Desiderio da Settignano, the humanist secretary of the commonwealth, lying on the sarcophagus, superb with shell fretwork and curling acanthus, in Santa Croce of Florence. For the youthful beauty of the Cardinal of Portugal and of the Lady Ilaria are commonplace compared with the refinement of this worn old face, with scant, wavy hair and thin, gently furrowed, but by no means ploughed-up features. The slight figure looks as if in life it must have seemed almost transparent; and the hands are very pathetic; noble, firm hands, subtle of vein and wrist, crossed simply, neither in prayer nor in agony, but in gentle weariness, over the book on his breast. That book is certainly no prayer-book; rather a volume of Plato or Cicero; in his last moments the noble old man has longed for a glance over the familiar pages; they have placed the book on his breast, but it has been too late; the drowsiness of death has overtaken him, and with his last sigh he has gently folded

his hands over the volume, with the faint last clinging to the things beloved in this world.

Such is that portrait sculpture of the early Renaissance, the only sculpture, if we except the exquisite work in babies and angels just out of the nursery of the Robbias, the thin young Madonnas of Mino, and the boy saints of Benedetto da Maiano—a real achievement. But how achieved? This art is great just by the things which antiquity did not. And what are those things? Shall we say that it is sentiment? But all fine art has tact, antique art most certainly; and as to pathos, why, any quiet figure of a dead man or woman, however rudely carved, has pathos; nay, there is pathos in the poor, puling, hysterical art which makes angels draw the curtains of fine ladies' bedchambers, and fine ladies, in hoop or limp Grecian dress, faint (the smelling-bottle, Betty!) over their lord's coffin; there is pathos, to a decently constituted human being, wherever (despite all absurdities) we can imagine that there lies some one whom it was bitter to see departing, to whom it was bitter to depart. Pathos, therefore, is not the question; and if you choose to call it sentiment, it is in reality a sentiment for line and curve, for stone and light. The great question is, How did these men of the Renaissance make their dead people look beautiful? For they were not all beautiful in life; and ugly folk do not grow beautiful merely because they are dead. The Cardinal of Portugal, the beautiful Ilaria herself, were you to sketch their profile and place it by the side of no matter what ordinary antique, would greatly fall short of what we call sculpturesque beauty; and many of the others, old humanists and priests and lawyers, are emphatically ugly; snub or absurdly hooked, retreating or deformedly overhanging foreheads, fleshy noses and flabby cheeks, bleary eyes and sunken-in mouths, and a perfect network of wrinkles and creases, which, hard as it is to say, have been scooped out not merely by age but by low mind, fretting and triumphant animalism. Now, by what means did the sculptor—the sculptor, too unacquainted with sculptural beauty (witness his ugly ideal statues), to be able, like the man who turned the successors of Alexander into a race of leonine though crazy demigods, to insidiously idealize these ugly and insignificant features—by what means did he turn these dead men into things beautiful to see? I have said that he took up art where Græco-Roman antiquity

had left it. Remark that I say Græco-Roman, and I ought to add much more Roman than Greek. For Greek sculpture, nurtured in the habit of perfect form, art to whom beauty was a cheap necessity, invariably idealized portrait, idealized it into beauty or inanity. But when Greek art had run its course; when beauty of form had well-nigh been exhausted or begun to pall, certain artists, presumably Greeks, but working for Romans, began to produce portrait work of quite a new and wonderful sort; the beautiful portraits of ugly old men, of snub little boys; work which was clearly before its right time, and was swamped by idealized portraits, insipid, nay inane, from the elegant revivalist busts of Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius down to the bonnet blocks of the Lower Empire. Of this Roman portrait art, of certain heads of half-idiotic little Caesar brats, of sly and wrinkled old men, things which ought to be so ugly and yet are so beautiful, we say, at least (perhaps unformulated) we think, "How Renaissance!" And the secret of the beauty of these few Græco-Roman busts, which is also that of Renaissance portrait sculpture, is that the beauty is quite different in kind from the beauty of Greek ideal sculpture, and obtained by quite different means.

It is, essentially, that kind of beauty which I began by saying belonged to realistic art; to the art which is not squeamish about the object which it represents, but is squeamish about the manner and medium in which that indifferent object is represented; it is a kind of beauty, therefore, more akin to Rembrandt and Velasquez than to Michelangelo or Raphael. It is the beauty, not of large line harmonies, beauty residing in the real model's forms, beauty real, wholesale, which would be the same if the man were not marble but flesh, not in a given position but moving; but it is a beauty of combinations of light and surface, a beauty of texture opposed to texture, which would probably be unperceived in the presence of the more regal beauty of line and color harmonies; and which those who could obtain this latter would employ only as much as it was conducive to such larger beauties. And this beauty of texture opposed to texture and light combined with surface is a very real thing; it is the great reality of Renaissance sculpture: this beauty resulting from the combination, for instance, in a commonplace face, of the roughness and coarser pore of the close-shaven lips and chin with the smoothness of the waxy

hanging cheeks; the one catching the light, the other breaking it into a ribbed and forked penumbra. The very perfection of this kind of work is Benedetto da Maiano's bust of Giovanni Mellini in the Bargello at Florence. The elderly head is of strongly marked osseous structure, yet fleshed with abundant and flaccid flesh, hanging in folds or creases round the mouth and chin, yet not flobbery and floppy, but solid, though yielding, creased, wrinkled, crevassed, rather as a sandy hillside is crevassed by the trickling waters; semi-solid, promising slight resistance, slight, waxy, yielding to the touch. But all the flesh has, as it were, gravitated to the lower part of the face, conglomerated, or rather draped itself, about the mouth, firmer for sunken teeth and shaving; and the skin has remained alone across the head, wrinkled, yet drawn in tight folds across the dome-shaped skull, as if, while the flesh disappeared, the bone also had enlarged. And on the temples the flesh has once been thick, the bone (seemingly) slight; and now the skin is being drawn, recently, and we feel more and more every day, into a radiation of minute creases, as if the bone and flesh were having a last struggle. Now in this head there is little beauty of line (the man has never been good-looking), and there is not much character in the sense of strongly marked mental or moral personality. I do not know, nor care, what manner of man this may have been. The individuality is one, not of the mind, but of the flesh. What interests, attaches, is not the character or temperament, but the bone and skin, the creases and folds of flesh. And herein also lies the beauty of the work. I do not mean its interest or mere technical skill, I mean distinctly visible and artistic beauty.

Thus does the sculptor of the Renaissance get beauty, visible beauty, not psychologic interest, out of a plain human being; but the beauty (and this is the distinguishing point of what I must call realistic decorative art) does not exist necessarily in the plain human being: he merely affords the beginning of a pattern which the artist may be able to carry out. A person may have in him the making of a really beautiful bust and yet be ugly, just as the same person may afford a subject for a splendid painting and for an execrable bust. The wrinkles and creases in a face like that of Benedetto da Maiano's Mellini would probably be ugly and perhaps disgusting in the real reddish, flaccid, discolored flesh, while they are

admirable in the solid and supple-looking marble, in its warm and delicate bistre and yellow. Material has an extraordinary effect upon form; color, though not a positive element in sculpture, has immense negative power in accentuating or obliterating the mere line. All form becomes vague and soft in the dairy flaccidness of modern ivory; and clear and powerful in the dark terra-cotta, which can ennoble even the fattest and flattest faces with its wonderful faculty for making mere surface markings, mere crows-feet, interesting. Thus also with bronze: the polished, worked bronze, of fine chocolate burnish and reddish reflections, mars all beauty of line; how different the unchased, merely rough cast, greenish, with infinite delicate greys and browns, making, for instance, the head of an old woman like an exquisite withered, shrivelled, veined autumnal leaf. It is, moreover, as I have said, a question of combination of surface and light, this art which makes beautiful busts of ugly men. The ideal statue of the Greeks intended for the open air, fit to be looked at under any light, high or low, brilliant or veiled, had indeed to be prepared to look well under any light; but to look well under any light means not to use any one particular relation of light as an ally; the surface was kept modestly subordinated to the features, the features which must needs look well at all moments and from all points of view. But the Renaissance sculptor knew where his work would be placed; he could calculate the effect of the light falling invariably through this or that window; he could make a fellow-workman of that light, present for it to draw or to obliterate what features he liked, bid it sweep away such or such surfaces with a broad stream, cut them with a deep shadow, caress their smooth chiselling or their rough grainings, mark as with a nail the few large strokes of the point which gave the firmness to the strained muscle or stretched skin. Out of this model of his, this plain old burgess, he and his docile friend the light, could make quite a new thing; a new pattern of bosses and cavities, of smooth sweeps and hacked lines, of creases and folds of flesh, of pliable linen and rough brocade of dress: something new, something which, without a single feature being straightened or shortened, yet changed completely the value of the whole assemblage of features; something undreamed of by nature in moulding that ugly old merchant or humanist.

This kind of realism, where only the

model is ugly, while the portrait is beautiful, which seeks decorative value by other means than the intrinsic excellence of form in the object represented, this kind of realism is quite different in sort from the realisms of immature art, which, aiming at nothing beyond a faithful copy, is content with producing an ugly picture of an ugly thing. Now this latter kind of realism endured in painting some time after decorative realism such as I have described had reached perfection in sculpture: nor was it till later, and when the crude scholastic realism had completely come to an end, that there became even partially possible in painting decorative realism analogous to what we have noticed in sculpture; while it was not till after the close of the Italian Renaissance period that the painters arose in Spain and the Netherlands who were able to treat their subjects with the uncompromising decorative realism of Desiderio or Rossellino or Benedetto da Maiano. For the purely imitative realism of the painters of the early Renaissance was succeeded in Italy by idealism, which matured in the great art of intrinsically beautiful linear form of Michelangelo and Raphael, and the great art of intrinsically beautiful color form of Giorgione and Titian. These two schools were bound to be, each in its degree, idealistic. Complete power of mere representation in tint and color having been obtained through the realistic drudgery of the early Renaissance, selection in the objects thus to be represented had naturally arisen, and the study of the antique had further hastened and directed this movement of art no longer to study but to achieve, to be decorative once more, decorative no longer in subservience to architecture, but as the separate and self-sufficing art of painting. Selection, therefore, which is the only practical kind of idealism, had begun as soon as painting was possessed of the power of representing objects in their relations of line and color, with that amount of light and shadow requisite to the just appreciation of the relations of form and the relations of color. Now art which stops short at this point of representation must inevitably be, if decorative at all, idealistically decorative; it must be squeamish respecting the objects represented, respecting their real structure, color, position, and grouping. For, of the visible impressions received from an object, some are far more intrinsic than others. Supposing we see a woman, beautiful in the structure of her body, and beautiful in the color of her

person and her draperies, standing under a light which is such as we should call beautiful and interesting: of these three qualities one will be intrinsic in the woman, the second very considerably so, the third not at all. For, let us call that woman away and replace her immediately by another woman, chosen at random. We shall immediately perceive that we have lost one pleasurable impression, that of beautiful bodily structure: the woman has taken away her well-shapen body. Next we shall perceive a notable diminution in the second pleasurable impression: the woman has taken with her, not indeed her well-tinted garments, which we may have bestowed on her successor, but her beautifully colored skin and hair, so that of the pleasing color-impression will remain only as much as was due to, and may have been retained with, the original woman's clothes. But if we look for our third pleasurable impression, our beautiful light, we shall find that unchanged, whether it fall upon a magnificently arrayed goddess or upon a sordid slut. And, conversely, the beautiful woman, when withdrawn from that light and placed in any other, will be equally lovely in form, even if we cast her in plaster, and lose the color of her skin and hair; or if we leave her not only the beautiful tints of her flesh and hair, but her own splendidly colored garments, we shall still have, in whatsoever light, a magnificent piece of color. But if we recall the poor ugly creature who has succeeded her from out of that fine effect of light, we shall have nothing but a hideous form invested in hideous color.

This rough diagram will be sufficient to explain my thought respecting the relative degree to which the art dealing with linear form, that dealing with color and that dealing with light, with the medium in which form and color are perceived, is each respectively bound to be idealistically or realistically decorative. Now painting was aesthetically mature, possessed the means to achieve great beauty, at a time when of the three modes of representation there had as yet developed only those of linear form and color; and the very possibility and necessity of immediately achieving all that could be achieved by these means delayed for a long time the development of the third mode of representation: the representation of objects as they appear with reference to the light through which they are seen. A beginning had indeed been made. Certain of Correggio's effects of light,

even more an occasional manner of treating the flesh and hair, reducing both form and color to a kind of vague boss and vague sheen, such as they really present in given effects of light, a something which we define roughly as eminently modern in the painting of his clustered cherubs, all this is certainly a beginning of the school of Velasquez. Still more so is it the case with Andrea del Sarto, the man of genius whom critics love to despatch as a mediocrity, because his art, which is art altogether for the eyes, and in which he innovated more than any of his contemporaries, does not afford any excuse for the irrelevancies of ornamental criticism; with him the appearance of form and color, acted upon by light, the relative values of which flesh and draperies consist with reference to the surrounding medium, all this becomes so evident a preoccupation and a basis for decorative effects, as to give certain of his works an almost startling air of being modern. But this tendency comes to nothing: the men of the sixteenth century appear scarcely to have perceived wherein lay the true excellence of this *Andrea senza errori*, deeming him essentially the artist of linear perfection; while the innovations of Correggio in the way of showing the relations of flesh tones and light abound in the mere coarse gala illuminations in which his successors made their seraphs plunge and sprawl. There was too much to be done, good and bad in the way of mere linear form and mere color; and as art of mere linear form and color, indifferent of all else, did the art of the Italian Renaissance run to seed.

I said at the beginning of this paper that the degree to which any art is strictly idealistic can be measured by the terms which it will make with portrait. For as portrait is due to the desire to represent a person quite apart from that person affording material for decoration, it is evident that only the art which can call in the assistance of decorative materials, independent of the represented individual, can possibly make a beautiful picture out of an ugly man; while the art which deals only with such visible peculiarities as are inherent in the individual, has no kind of outlet, is cornered, and can make of a repulsive original only a repulsive picture. The analogy to this we have already noticed in sculpture: antique sculpture, considering only the linear bosses which existed equally in the living man and in the statue, could not afford to represent

plain people; while Renaissance sculpture, extracting a large amount of beauty out of combinations of surface and light, was able, as long as it could arrange such an extreme combination, to dispense with great perfection in the model. Nay, if we except Renaissance statuary as a kind of separate art, we may say that this independence of the object portrayed is a kind of analytic test, enabling us to judge at a glance, and by the degree of independence from the model, the degree to which any art is removed from the mere line and boss of antique sculpture. In the statue standing free in any light that may chance to come, every form must be beautiful from every point: but in proportion as the new elements of painting enter, in proportion as the actual linear form and boss is marked and helped out by grouping, color, and light and shade, does the actual perfection of the model become less important; until, under the reign of light as the chief factor, it becomes altogether indifferent. In this fact lies the only rational foundation for the notion, made popular by Hegel, that painting is an art in which beauty is of much less account than in sculpture; failing to understand that the sum total of beauty remained the same, whether dependent upon the concentration of a single element or obtained by the co-operation of several consequently less singly important elements.

But to return to the question of portrait art. From what we have seen, it is clear that art which requires perfection of form will be reduced to ugliness if cramped in the obtaining of such perfection, whereas art which can obtain beauty by other means will still have a chance when reduced to imitate ugly objects. Hence it is that while the realistically decorative art of the seventeenth century can make actually beautiful things of the portraits of ugly people, the idealistically decorative art of the Renaissance produces portraits which are cruelly ugly in proportion as the art is purely idealistic. Yet even in idealism there are degrees: the more the art is confined to mere linear form, to the exclusion of color, the uglier will be the portraits. With Michelangelo the difficulty was simplified to impossibility: he could not paint portrait at all; and in his sculptured portraits of the two Medicean dukes at St. Lorenzo he evaded all attempt at likeness, making those two men into scarcely more than two architectural monsters, half-human cousins of the fantastic creatures who keep watch on the

belfries and gurgoyles of a Gothic cathedral. It is almost impossible to think of Michelangelo attempting portrait: the man's genius cannot be constrained to it, and what ought to be mere ugliness would come out idealized into grandiose monstrosity. Men like Titian and Tintoret are at the other end of the scale of ideal decoration: they are bordering upon the domain of realism. Hence they can raise into interest, by the mere power of color, many an insignificant type; yet even they are incapable of dealing with absolute ugliness, with absence of fine color, or, if they do deal with it, there is an immediate improvement upon the model, and the appearance of truthfulness goes. Between the absolute incapacity for dealing with ugliness of Michelangelo, and the power of compromising with it of Titian and Tintoret, Raphael stands half-way: he can call in the assistance of color just sufficiently to create a setting of carefully harmonized draperies and accessories, beautiful enough to allow of his filling it up with the most cruelly ugly likeness which any painter ever painted. Far too much has been written about Raphael in general, but not half enough about Raphael as a portrait-painter; for by the side of the eclectic idealist, who combined and balanced beauty almost into insipidity, is the most terribly, inflexibly veracious portrait-painter that ever was. Compared with his sternly straightforward portraits of his Florentine and Roman time, where ugliness and baseness are never attenuated by one tittle, and alloyed nobility or amiability, as with his finer models, like the two Donis, husband and wife, and Bibbiena, is never purified of its troubling element; compared with them the Venetian portraits are mere insincere, enormously idealized pieces of color-harmony; nay, the portraits of Velasquez are mere hints, given rapidly by a sickened painter striving to make those scrofulous Hapsburgs no longer mere men, but keynotes of harmonies of light, of what the people really are. For Velasquez seems to show us the temperament, the potentiality of his people, and to leave us, with a kind of dignified and melancholy silence as to all further, to find out what life, what feelings and actions, such a temperament implies. But Raphael shows us all: the temperament and the character, the real, active creature, with all the marks of his present temper and habits, with all the indications of his immediate actions upon him: completely without humor or bitterness, without the smallest tendency to

twist the reality into caricature or monstrosity, nay, perhaps without much psychologic analysis to tell him the exact meaning of what he is painting, going straight to the point, and utterly ruthless from sheer absence of all alternative of doing otherwise than he does. There is nothing more cruelly realistic in the world, cruel not only to the base originals, but to the feelings of the spectator, than the harmony of villainies, of various combinations of black and hog-like bestiality, and fox and wolf-like cunning and ferocity with wicked human thought and self-command, which Raphael has enshrined in that splendid harmony of scarlet silk and crimson satin, and purple velvet and dull white brocade, as the portraits of Leo X. and his cardinals Rossi and De' Medici.

The idealistic painter, accustomed to rely upon the intrinsic beauty which he has hitherto been able to select or create; accustomed also to think of form as something quite independent of the medium through which it is seen, scarcely conscious of the existence of light and air in his habit of concentrating all attention upon a figure placed, as it were, in a sort of vacuum of indifference; this idealistic artist is left without any resources when bid to paint an ugly man or woman. With the realistic artist, to whom the man or woman is utterly indifferent, to whom the medium in which they are seen is everything, the case is just reversed: let him arrange his light, his atmospheric effect, and he will work into their pattern no matter what plain or repulsive wretch. To Velasquez the flaccid, yellowish fair flesh, with its grey downy shadows, the limp, pale drab hair, which is grey in the light and scarcely perceptibly blond in the shade, all this unhealthy, bloodless, feebly living, effete mass of humanity called Philip IV. of Spain, shivering in moral anæmia like some dog thorough bred into nothingness, becomes merely the foundation for a splendid harmony of pale tints. Again, the poor little baby princess, with scarce visible features, seemingly kneaded (but not sufficiently pinched and modelled) out of the wet ashes of an *auto dè fè*, in her black-and-white frock (how different from the dresses painted by Raphael and Titian!), dingy and gloomy enough for an abbess or a camerera major, this childish personification of courtly dreariness, certainly born on an Ash-Wednesday, becomes the principal strands for a marvelous tissue of silvery and ashy light, tinged yellowish in the hair, bluish in the eyes, and downy cheeks, pale red by the

lips and the rose in the hair, something to match which in beauty you must think of some rarely-seen veined and jaspered rainy twilight, or opal-tinted hazy winter morning. Ugliness, nay repulsiveness, vanish, subdued into beauty, even as noxious gases may be subdued into health-giving substances by some cunning chemist. The difference between such portraits as these and the portraits by Raphael does not, however, consist merely in the beauty: there is also the fact that if you take one of Velasquez's portraits out of their frame, reconstitute the living individual, and bid him walk forth in whatsoever light may fall upon him, you will have something infinitely different from the portrait, and of which your only distinct feeling will be that a fine portrait might be made of the creature; whereas it is a matter of complete indifference whether you see Raphael's Leo X. in the flesh or in his gilded frame.

Whatever may fairly be said respecting the relative value of idealistic and realistic decorative art is really also connected with this latter point. Considering that realistic art is merely obtaining beauty by attention to other factors than those which preoccupy idealistic art, that the one fulfils what the other neglects — taking the matter from this point of view, it would seem as if the two kinds of arts were, so to speak, morally equal, and that any vague sense of mysterious superior dignity clinging to idealistic art was a mere shred of long discarded pedantry. But it is not so. For realistic art does more than merely bring into play powers unknown to idealistic art: it becomes, by the possession of these powers, utterly indifferent to the intrinsic value of the forms represented: it is so certain of making everything lovely by its harmonies of light and atmosphere that it almost prefers to choose inferior things for this purpose. I am thinking at present of a picture by I forget what Dutchman in our National Gallery, representing in separate compartments five besotten-looking creatures, symbolical of the five senses: they are ugly, brutish, with I know not what suggestion of detestable temperament in their bloodshot flesh and vermilion lips, as if the whole man were saturated with his appetite. Yet the Dutchman has found the means of making these degraded types into something which we care to look at, and to look at on account of its beauty; even as, in lesser degree, Rubens has always managed to make us feel, towards his flaccid, veal-

complexioned, fish-eyed women, something of what we feel toward the goddesses of the Parthenon, towards the white-robed, long-gloved ladies, with meditative face beneath the crimped auburn hair, of Titian.

Viewed in one way there is a kind of nobility in the very fact that such realistic art can make us pardon, can redeem, nay almost sanctify, so much. But is it right thus to pardon, redeem, and sanctify, thus to bring the inferior on to the level of the superior? Nay, is it not rather wrong to teach us to endure so much meanness and ugliness in creatures, on account of the nobility with which they are represented? Is this not vitiating our feelings, blunting our desire for the better, our repugnance for the worse?

A great and charitable art, this realistic painting of the seventeenth century, and to be respected for its very tenderness towards the scorned and castaway things of reality; but accustoming us, perhaps too much, like all charitable and reclaiming impulses, to certain unworthy contacts; in strange contrast herein with that narrow but ascetic and aristocratic art of idealism which, isolated and impoverished though it may be, has always the dignity of its immaculate purity, of its unswerving judgment, of its obstinate determination to deal only with the best. A hard task to judge between them. But be this as it may, it is one of the singular richnesses of the Italian Renaissance that it knew of both tendencies; that while in painting it gave the equivalent of that rigid idealism of the Greeks which can make no compromise with ugliness; in sculpture it possessed the equivalent of the realism of Velasquez, which can make beauty out of ugly things, even as the chemist can make sugar out of vitriol.

VERNON LEE.

From The Spectator.

MUSIC AS OCCUPATION.

THE Prince of Wales on Monday opened the Royal College of Music, in the presence of a representative audience, and to indicate the opinion of the court, three persons eminent in the musical world — Professor Macfarren, Mr. A. Sullivan, and Dr. G. Grove — were announced in his speech as having received the honor of knighthood. That distinction will not, perhaps, do them much good just now, when every third man about is becoming

Sir Somebody Something; but the honor is in accordance with English ways, and is unobjectionable, as was also the baronetcy bestowed a little earlier upon Mr. C. Freake, the builder, for presenting the needful buildings for a college, nominally to the Prince of Wales, but really to the nation. The cultivation of music is evidently to be made fashionable, and we have not a word to say, except that we wish the work could be done with a little less of sentimental exaggeration in the talk about it. Music is an excellent thing, and an enjoyable thing, as also are poetry, and oratory, and histrionic power; but it is not the unqualified and celestial good which its advocates assert it to be. Owing, we imagine, to the Western fancy that making music is an inevitable occupation in Heaven—think how bored poor Dr. Johnson must be, if that is true!—those who enjoy music always claim for it a sort of special sanctity and holiness, a sort of grace in itself and by itself; and the Archbishop of Canterbury actually embodied that idea in his opening prayer, and prayed "God, the only author of order and beauty," to "perfect science and skill in his pure gift of music." Why is music so "pure" a gift? All other gifts of God are so given that their use or misuse depends on human free-will, and why is music purer than poetry or oratory? Does Dr. Benson, perchance, believe that there are two musics, and that Offenbach got his gift from the devil; or does he forget that if there is one music of St. Cecilia, there is another of Thérèse? Music is neither good nor bad, any more than poetry or eloquence, but is a method of expression which to many organizations is capable of conveying higher, more delicate, and, above all, more exact meanings than any other. But it can convey any meaning, and does very often convey a sensual one. If all that is said of its purifying and elevating influence were true, we should not find that great musicians, composers occasionally, and instrumentalists very often, were men of most irregular lives, or that musical amateurs were not infrequently among the worst of mankind. Nero was not exactly purified or elevated by his devotion to music, nor have the patrons of the art among the little princes of Germany been nobler than those who, from some defect of organization, probably connected with the structure of the tympanum, had no sympathy for sweet sounds. Charles II. was not exactly the superior of William III. It is not clear that the Neapolitan, who is

so often born *fanatico*, is higher in character than the dull Saxon, so often sensible only to the rhythm of music; nor are the races among which musical capacity is indigenous so much purer than those among whom it must be cultivated with assiduity, not to say coddled. Mr. Disraeli always said, and we believe truly, that the gift of music had been bestowed in largest measure upon the children of Israel; but great as their services both to religion and to thought have been, they are not, as a race, the least earthy of mankind.

To give to an inarticulate and sad race like Englishmen, who have almost ceased to feel joy, and are dropping the word "gladness" out of the language, a new means of expression and of enjoyment, is, however, excellent work, the true meaning of which is only hidden by conventional exaggeration. Music is capable of misuse, as poetry is; but the gain from the study of music is great, and more especially the gain to the overworked sections of the people. The power of acquiring musical skill seems independent of situation in life, and even of mental capacity, for though great composers have been usually as intellectually gifted as poets, that has not always been the case with singers or instrumentalists; while the faculty of musical apprehension is, apparently, the most culturable of all, more culturable than the power of criticism, and the man who succeeds even a little in the study gains much of happiness. He has not only obtained something of the creative faculty, like a poet or a painter, but he has found one of the best of earthly weapons against trouble, a secondary occupation which interests and absorbs like work, yet is not work. Englishmen, possibly because of the strenuousness with which they labor, and the respect, perhaps the undue respect, with which they regard toil—at least, we do not find the admirable industry of the Chinaman makes him a specially lofty being—are singularly deficient in secondary occupations. They take them if they come, but they do not seek them as distinct helps in the art of living. A few draw, a few paint, a few grow flowers, a few betake themselves earnestly to science. So few are they among the working classes that those who do it are pointed out as remarkable, and in the middle class the proportion is not much higher. The man in commerce or in a profession who can do something else, do it heartily and not perfunctorily, is far happier than his neighbor, so much

so as to be an object of avowed envy among his acquaintance; yet the number of those who can do it is comparatively very few, and the complaint of tedious evenings is one with which thousands sympathize. Englishmen do not go out so readily as Continentals, they do not, except in rare cases, enjoy conversation so much—in this respect workmen are far better off than their social superiors—and they are consciously dull; yet unless drawn by some pronounced and, in its way, irresistible taste, they rarely strive to give themselves a secondary occupation. If they can read, they are safe, imperfect as the English system of distributing books is, but the literary class would be astonished if they knew to how few reading is at once a secondary occupation and a recreation. The majority feel time a burden, with no true relief but sleep, a state of affairs all the more noteworthy because this majority not only works, but enjoys work. Any secondary occupation which could interest them would add directly to the pleasure of life, and to those who can appreciate it, or are even without the dislike of it which in many natures is almost unintelligibly strong, there is no such occupation quite equal to music. It is a sensuous pleasure, a spiritual pleasure, and a thoughtful pleasure, all in one, and unlike so many other occupations, makes no continuous demand upon time. To attain excellence, it is true, even with the flute—that melancholy instrument of so many Britons, who will not see that it is of all others the one in which imperfection is most trying—continuous devotion is indispensable; but far less than excellence can on many instruments give pleasure, and to the comprehension of music devoted study is not indispensable. The power is one of the few which does not decline with each intermission. There is no occupation which can be so taken up at intervals, none so cheap, none in which intermittent absorption can be so readily attained. A man may be genuinely devoted to music, yet neglect no duty of life, and provided he does not torture unwilling ears, need not be selfish, not even so much so as the devouring reader, whose occupation, though the modern world has conspired to praise it, is consistent with a most selfish self-absorption. The gain from such an occupation is endless, and the taste for it may be diffused to an almost inexplicable degree. Why it should, among people capable of it, remain latent, we cannot explain; but that

it is so, is as certain as that the same peoples have displayed it in widely different degrees at different times. Fifty competent musicians, such as the Royal College will train from among those who accept its bursaries, will develop in fifty circles a musical taste which must have been there before, but found no spontaneous expression. That is well, for though we grow impatient of exaggeration till we have half seemed, in the beginning of this article, to depreciate music, we have no intention of denying its charm or of refusing to it this exceptional merit,—that it is impossible to acquire the power of apprehending the lower music without attaining the power of comprehending the higher. There is bad music, as we said, as well as good; but you cannot gain the capacity of understanding one, and remain dense as before to the other. The devotee of Offenbach perceives, as the uneducated do not, what St. Cecilia's music means; and in that new capacity there must be, though not elevation, a potentiality at least of being elevated.

From The Spectator.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

THE death of Dr. William Chambers, which occurred at Edinburgh last Sunday, brought to a close a life which was not only long and useful, but rich in biographical interest of a kind which seems to be becoming rarer every year. The Dick Whittington of legend, who in boyhood could find no resting-place more luxurious than a milestone, but who in manhood reclined in the lord mayor's chair of state, died long ago, and has not many present-day successors. Even the traditional hero of later times, the possessor of the solitary half-crown which, by a careful practice of the self-regarding virtues, grows into a million of money, is heard of more frequently in popular lectures than in real life; and the so-called successful man of our day finishes his career near the top of the ladder partly because he had the good fortune to begin it some distance from the bottom. Apart, therefore, from other and better reasons, the life of William Chambers is interesting because it vitalizes the old traditions, and justifies to the imagination such wise words as certain of the proverbs of Solomon and the maxims of Benjamin Franklin, which have of late been rather generally dis-

credited in practice, even by people who respect them in theory, and find them admirable for purposes of hortative quotation.

Few people who have left their mark upon the world have been more heavily handicapped at starting than the boy William Chambers. His father, a good, intelligent, fairly cultivated, but thoroughly shiftless man, was a hindrance, rather than a help, to his sons, and did little for them beyond entangling them in a lawsuit, which in their early days of struggle robbed them of money that they could ill afford. William and his brother Robert had not even the advantage of a decent education. Such schooling as the former had, terminated when he was thirteen years of age, and in his fascinating autobiographical reminiscences he calculates that altogether it cost, "books included, somewhere about £6." Of the first of his schools an account is given which is more amusing than satisfactory. It was "kept by a poor old widow, Kirsty Cranstoun, who, according to her own account, was qualified to carry forward her pupils so far as reading the Bible; but to this proficiency there was the reasonable exception of leaving out difficult words, such as 'Maher-shalal hash-baz.' These, she told the children, might be made a 'pass-over,' and accordingly it was the rule of the establishment to let them alone." The educational limitations of the other schools were less startling, and probably William Chambers got a full return for his father's money; but, at the best, six pounds' worth of education can hardly be considered an adequate intellectual equipment. Both the brothers had, however, been born with a passion for culture; and though the means for gratifying it were terribly scarce, every means was made the most of, so that when William Chambers, at the age of nineteen, conceived the bold idea of beginning business as a bookseller, it is probable that his acquirements were equal, if not superior, to those of most youths in his own rank of life. He was, as far as money was concerned, better off than the favorite heroes of self-help treatises, for his capital consisted not of one half-crown, but of two; and this sum—his wages for the last week of his apprenticeship—was devoted to the purchase of wood, with which the young tradesman himself constructed all the shop-furniture he required. A stock of goods, small, indeed, but not contemptible, had been secured by one of those accidents to which even the scornors of

happy chances sometimes owe so much. A bookseller's sale was to be held at an Edinburgh hotel, and the agent in charge, to whom young Chambers had been recommended, engaged him as an assistant, and was evidently favorably impressed by the way in which he went about his business. "On the day succeeding the bibliopolic festival," wrote William Chambers, more than fifty years afterwards, "I attended to assist in packing up, in the course of which I was questioned regarding my plans. I stated to the friendly inquirer that I was about to begin business, but that I had no money; if I had, I should take the opportunity of buying a few of his specimens, for I thought I could sell them to advantage. 'Well,' he replied, 'I like that frankness; you seem an honest lad, and have been useful to me; so do not let the want of money trouble you; select, if you please, ten pounds' worth of my samples, and I will let you have the usual credit.'"

It is interesting to recall this beginning of a career the middle and end of which are known to all the world. The kindly agent's samples were sold and paid for, and the little business grew from week to week. Robert Chambers was taken into partnership; printing was added to book-selling, and publishing to printing; and on February 4th, 1832, appeared the first number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, to be followed rapidly by the "Information for the People," the "Educational Course," the "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," the "Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People," the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," the "Book of Days," and other hardly less important works which have made the name of William and Robert Chambers familiar in every place where the English language is spoken and English books are read. The undertakings of the two brothers were followed, not only by success of the real and best kind, but by that special result to which the name of success is more generally given; wealth was well earned and well-distributed; and Paisley and Edinburgh have substantial memorials of the liberality of the man to whom the former gave life and the latter the means of living.

It is not, however, by his benefactions that William Chambers will be the longest and most warmly remembered. It is not, we think, even as a pioneer in the movement for providing cheap and wholesome literature that he has the greatest claim upon our regard. Others, Charles

Knight, for example, did almost as much as he in bringing books and periodicals within the reach of the humbler class; but it was William Chambers who, in the fullest sense of the word, popularized literature, by making it not only accessible, but attractive. To the cheapness which was such a boon to the studious artisan or junior clerk, he added the literary charm which attracted the artisan or clerk who was *not* studious, and by whom reading was regarded less as recreation than as a form of labor, differing from other labor only in being entirely unremunerative. It would be grossly unjust to speak in even a mildly depreciatory tone of such works as the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but it is a fact which cannot be ignored, that their general solidity and weight—we do not say heaviness—were better calculated to satisfy than to excite intellectual hunger. The brothers Chambers seem to have felt instinctively that the classes to whom they specially appealed needed something more than a supply of literature,—an intellectual stimulus to avail themselves of the supply; and that the wide utility of the former was dependent upon the existence of the latter. We do not mean that attractiveness was pursued as an aim in itself; had it been so pursued, William Chambers and his brother would, like others, have fallen into such popular literary vices as sentimentality or sensationalism, from which their work has been conspicuously free; but it was achieved in pursuit of another end—the propagation of a wide love for wholesome and elevating literature—and while this end was kept steadily in view, it was impossible to miss the indispensable means.

The literary work of William Chambers, of his brother Robert, and of such collaborators as caught their tone, was characterized by what may be best described as sublimated common sense. In his delightful and suggestive book, "Companions of my Solitude," Sir Arthur Helps makes Ellesmere speak of common sense as the distinguishing quality of Gretchen; and he goes on to say—we quote from memory only—that the common sense of the vulgar is hard and materialistic, but that Gretchen's was the common sense of an imaginative person, with a keen sense of the ridiculous. This is a just and helpful distinction. What Ellesmere called the common sense of the vulgar is, indeed, too common, and its effects in literature are as baneful as those

of the pseudo-culture which is its latest rival. The higher common sense, compact of imagination and humor and a general sanity of the intellect which is more easily recognized than defined, is as beneficent an influence in literature as it is in life; and it is to be found nowhere more free from alloy than in the pages written by William Chambers. The potency of its action in the mind of the man in whom it is either a native gift or an acquired accomplishment, is illustrated by the one fact that it preserved him alike from the narrowness of the sectarian partisan, and the supercilious indifference to great interests of the person who makes it his boast that he "sits apart, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all." He was a safe thinker, not because he thought timidly, but because his thought always turned in the direction of practice, and was thereby saved from the extravagances of the mere doctrinaire. His matter and his manner were alike characterized by the lucidity which Mr. Matthew Arnold has so feelingly commended to us; by an utter absence of the "note of provincialism;" by freedom from affectation, eccentricity, or spasm; and by the natural grace which cannot be acquired, because it is the outcome of a well-poised and harmonious nature. That William Chambers died before his baronetcy was gazetted has naturally provided matter for mention, but it hardly provides matter for regret. He will be ranked with worthier peers than municipal magnates who have had the luck to entertain royalty.

From The Spectator.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

RUSSIANS are much annoyed when told that they are Asiatics, and no doubt the statement, except so far as it is true of all mankind, is untrue of them; but it is impossible for them to deny the Asiatic tone which pervades the wonderful scene on which all Europe has this week been gazing. We do not mean that the accessories of the coronation festival are Asiatic, that Asiatic costumes are visible in the streets of Moscow, that Asiatic princes are prominent in the Kremlin, that Asiatic customs are maintained in some of the rites. The czar is a great Asiatic sovereign—the greatest, except two, Queen Victoria, and the empress regent of China, whose name Europe does not know—and when he calls his subjects together

for any grand function, much of all that is external must be Asiatic. But this scene in Moscow is Asiatic in more than accessories. If we were asked to state in a word the "note" or central fact which differentiates Asia from Europe, we should answer, "Immoderateness." Nothing in Asia is sufficiently restricted. Empires are too big, populations are too vast, all features of nature are too huge, the arts are too gigantesque, the powers entrusted to men are too awful, calamities are too widespread, all things have in them a trace of immoderateness, as if gods and men alike had lost the sense of wise limitation. Forests in Asia cover kingdoms. Mountains occupy the area of large states. Peoples are numbered, like the Chinese and the Indians, by their functional relation to the whole human race. Mythologies are full of monstrous figures. A cyclone desolates a province. A tidal wave sweeps away half a million of men. A famine slaughters out eleven millions. A wall bounds an empire. One sovereign is brother of the sun, another is God's vicegerent, a third is incarnate deity. Everything, from the powers of kings and the conceptions of men to the forces of nature and the number of mosquitoes, is gigantic, enormous, fatiguing to the brain, in fact, when measured as all things must be measured by a standard of which man is the unconscious unit, immoderate. This characteristic of immoderateness is the dominant one in the Russian coronation. The splendors of the scene weary imagination. It is not a country, but two continents which are summoned to be present. All nations are in the Kremlin, by their representatives. It is but a ceremonial, but the troops present might invade a first-class State. The procession is one such as Rollin imagined to be following Darius. The festivities are spread over days. The multitudes to be dined are counted in hundreds of thousands, are to eat whole herds and drink out of reservoirs in which men might drown. Roasted mammoths would not be out of place, and the tun of Heidelberg would seem small. The expenses, twenty million roubles, are those of a little war. The monarch to be crowned claims freedom from restriction like that of a deity, and actually exercises powers which recall Simmons's strained effort to express in verse the prerogatives of the Roman Cæsar, "earth's awful lord,"—

whose whispered word
Fills like pervading Nature land and flood;
And if but syllabled in wrathful mood,

Had the swift lightning's soundless power to pierce,

Rending and blasting through the Universe.

A word from the cynosure of that throng, the pale man on the white horse, who, as his people shout their devotion, and all the world bends in reverence, feels chiefly the necessity of fortitude to await what may meet him at the next turning, would precipitate Russia on the West, or submerge Asia under a million of conquering soldiery; and he rides on, expecting, though probably not fearing, instant execution. His risks are as immoderate as his powers, his responsibilities, his roll of peoples and of kingdoms. His opposition speaks with dynamite, argues with the bullet, satirizes with the knife. He has not to fear loss of unpopularity, or untoward events, or even resistance, but immediate and painful death. If any point is unguarded, if his police have misread a warning, if a soldier is faithless, the czar, riding there behind the representatives of two continents, amid the royalties of half the world, before a wife seated on a chariot "like a mass of gold," fenced round with the devotion of millions, and armed with illimitable powers, may stumble dead into an open grave. The immoderateness in all around him, in the number of his guards, the costliness of his festa, the preparations for his glorification, is also in the faction which defies him, and which responds to his claim of all rights by denying all, even the right to keep alive. All that—the exaggerated grandeur and the exaggerated liability, the awful power and the awful powerlessness—is strictly Asiatic, belonging to the continent where everything dwarfs man, and man, as in revenge, endeavors to overleap restrictions, only to recognize in despair that man is nothing, existence misery, and heaven eternal unconsciousness.

The men of the West, who are accustomed to restriction, and know that there is no buttress to the mind like an imperative law, that even day-dreaming is bewildering unless the dreamer adheres to his self-made conditions, wonder at the vastness of this ceremonial, and think all needful impressiveness would be obtained by one much smaller. Surely, one day, they think, might suffice, and one religious ceremony, a tenth of the expense, and a third of the troops and other adjuncts to the scene, which cannot gratify the czar, and must in its long protraction greatly increase his danger. The characteristic of immoderateness, they believe, might be

cut out, without risk of diminishing the impact to be made on the popular imagination. That is, we suppose, true; and for ourselves, we can imagine for a Russian czar no coronation more impressive than the ancient Tartar one, the raising of the sovereign on a shield in the sight of the whole nation, assembled on some vast plain, each morsel of the shield being borne up by the representative of a tribe. Tchengis was enthroned so, and the tradition of the scene has lingered for centuries in men's minds. But ceremonials usually grow of themselves, and it is not difficult to detect the causes which have made this one so separately grandiose. The first idea has been to make it religious, to show the czar to the people of his faith as the consecrated ruler delegated by the Almighty and by the Orthodox Church to govern them. In nations which do not reject symbolism, great religious functions are always slowly performed, and always tend to accrete to themselves a more and more elaborate magnificence. No precedent must be departed from, and precedents accumulate like paraphernalia, — like bishops' robes, for example, or the Russian regalia, which were forwarded to Moscow in a special train. A pope who was elected in a moment would hardly seem a pope, and the very notion of hurry is inconsistent with the movements of a Church. The czar is patriarch, as well as sovereign; and in his consecration a religious function is performed which, in the eyes of the Russian people, is first of all, and must, as other ceremonials are slow, and costly, and magnificent, be slowest, costliest, most magnificent of any. Otherwise, czar and Church would alike lack the sense of the becoming. This is indeed the *ultima ratio* of the coronation, without which Alexander III. would hardly have encountered its special dangers or sanctioned its enormous expense. Till he is crowned he is not sacred, and as his sacredness is the source of his prerogative, the crowning must be so done as to be past all question, must be known by direct evidence to every person in the empire. Coronations were arranged before newspapers began, and much of the immoderateness of the ceremonial arises simply from the multitude of witnesses from all the nations beneath the czar's sceptre whom it was necessary to summon, that on their return they might testify that all had been regularly and solemnly performed. The kings of the desert do not come to Moscow to please themselves, but because they are summoned to see, and do homage, and

bear witness on their return. And then the czar is something more than patriarch or sovereign, he is also Caesar, the "elect" and representative of all who obey him. The origin of the dynasty was elective, and the Romanoffs, hated by the aristocratic chiefs, and without a citizen class to support them, have always made it their policy to proclaim themselves representatives of the dim, common populations. They have probably felt that position also. All kings feel it more or less; and to the czar of Russia, so far removed above his subjects, the "mass" must always seem the most interesting as well as the most formidable object within his dominions. The second main end of the coronation is to impress them, and in the effort to reach the true people, to become visible across two continents and to a hundred millions, a ceremony naturally becomes grandiose. It is a people which is to see, not a set of spectators, a people which is to be fed, a people which is to recognize that something has occurred so great that each one even of them bears in it some part. When the tenantry count thousands, the kitchen must be big, the roast oxen many, and the beer-vats deep; and the czar only increases adequately the preparations of the squire. Add to all the forms necessary to the recognition of a patriarch, and all the forms essential in the election of a Caesar, all the forms usual in the crowning of a European monarch, who this time is anxious to outdo precedent rather than depart from it, and we have the materials for a ceremonial which would be magnificent anywhere, and which, in Moscow, the capital of northern Asia, as well as of northern Europe, the city where East and West have embraced each other, becomes a stupendous function, such as could not elsewhere be performed. In no other city could a coronation be a festa at once religious and democratic, Asiatic and European, modelled upon most ancient precedents, and decorated by all the aid of modern inventiveness and knowledge. Only there could Europeans gaze astonished at a building at once fortress, palace, and basilica — the largest of fortresses, the hugest of palaces, the most stupendous of basilicas — and watch Tartar princes gazing up thunderstruck under the electric light. And only there, we hope, could the man who is the centre of all be in more imminent risk of a violent death than a criminal tried, convicted, and expecting sentence.